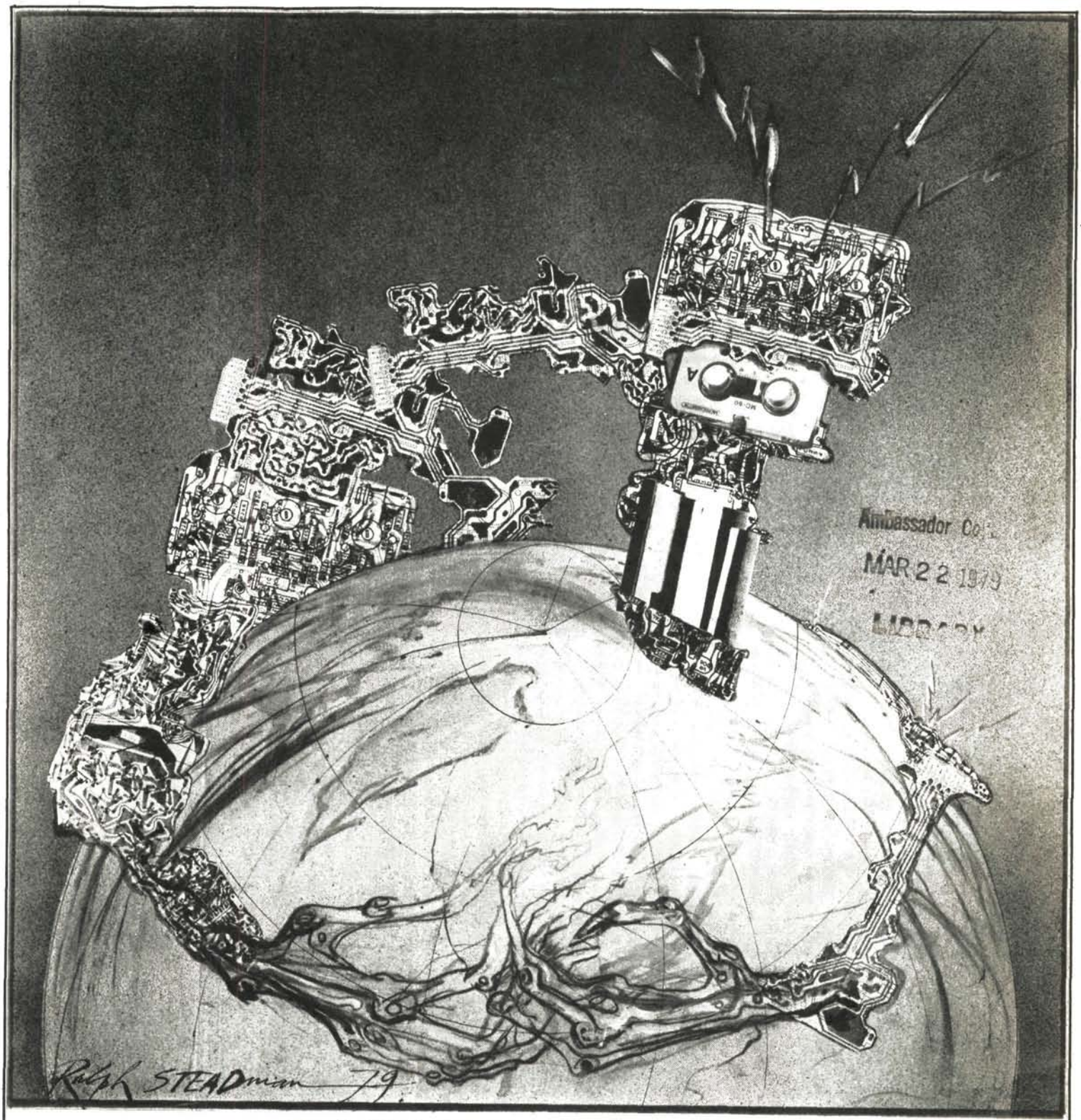
2 February 1979 30p USA & Canada $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN



TENTACLES

–the world of electronic spying

Beckerman: Rebuilding the economy / Khomeini profile
Paul Foot: Rebel slaves / Clive James: Pushkin
Hobsbawm: Marxism refreshed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES

The TUC's 'better' way

Patrick Wintour writes: There was both despair and great suspicion amongst General Council members when they gathered in Downing Street to see the Prime Minister on Monday afternoon. They met an hour before seeing Callaghan to endorse a document from TUC officials. Many council members felt that the document, with its 40 separate topics, (unbacked by any detail, just arranged under five headings) was so vague that it represented little but a checklist of all the issues with which any union leader would be concerned. It said nothing specific and hinted at everything. As one council member comments: 'It may be a cover-up for a sharp election. There was an electoral atmosphere in Downing Street. Callaghan told us that the timetable was that we had only a fortnight to settle things. The employment committee meets on Wednesday to discuss heading four on the role of the TUC in improving industrial relations; the economic committee meets on Monday and the General Council reconvenes next Wednesday. It's a great rush.' By next Wednesday the checklist will be fleshed out, particularly the fifth heading 'An agreed economic assessment'. This assessment or annual forum on economic prospects will be central to the new economic concordat.

Into this political hothouse was thrown on Wednesday a booklet called *A Better Way* signed by 12 union general secretaries of almost exlusively moderate complexion, with the exception of Jack Boddy of the farmworkers and Ken Thomas of the CPSA. Boddy did not realise until this week that the document was not being distributed to all members of the General Council for possible signature; Thomas knew he would be isolated on the Left by signing but had changed his mind on incomes policy. The document favours a statutory prices policy and a voluntary incomes policy. Though it argues that incomes policy must be about more than wages, its emphasis is heavily on planned wages and rules out any extension of public ownership. As Thomas admits: 'It is more a moral commitment to the Labour Party than an objective economic analysis but I saw it as a basis for discussion.' Drain of Nalgo distinguishes it from the TUC document mainly in that it calls for a return to the TUC self-regulation on wages of the Sixties. Altogether the contributor's ideal appears to be that of a revamped Prices and Incomes Board. It argues that last year Ministers did not do enough to convince union conferences of the need for incomes policy and also that conference decisions did not reflect the real views of their membership.

The impetus for the document came just after the Labour conference. Acting alone, John Grant, a junior Minister at Employment and former labour journalist, met with Jackson and Weighell. Soon after Drain and Chapple were involved. In all four meetings were held. Once the draft was written the circle was widened. Roy Grantham did not come in till the near end. Unsuccessful attempts were made to recruit Alan Fisher of NUPE. Basnett was ruled out as being too enmeshed in TUC politics to become involved in an independent initiative.

Coupled with last month's coordinated attempt by Weighell, Grantham and Sirs under guidance from Shirley Williams to replace the detailed NEC draft party manifesto with the vague liaison committee document, *Into the Eighties*, this latest initiative shows a new preparedness to organise on the Labour Right.

Bastard economics

Peter Kellner writes: Three years ago the Treasury found itself at the chewy end of some biting criticism from the all-party House of Commons Expenditure Committee. The MPs found the Treasury's economic projections absurd, and said so. Since these projections governed the feasibility of the Government's medium-term spending plans, it was an important criticism. As we all know, the MPs were broadly right – and the Treasury was wholly wrong. (The Treasury's defence that illustrative 'projections' must be treated differently from real 'forecasts' – a defence repeated in this year's Expenditure white paper – is inadequate. If 'forecasts' are better than 'projections', why waste time with the latter? In fact it seems that forecasts are what might happen, but probably will not whereas projections are what probably won't happen, but accidentally might.)

The economist who then pointed the torch up the Treasury's blind alley for the MPs was Terry Ward, one of the younger members of the team of heretics at Cambridge University. As an adviser to the MPs, Ward provides an annual brief on what the Treasury appears to think it is up to. This week Ward has some good news and some bad news. The good news is that the Treasury no longer thinks it can control the growth rate. The bad news is that the things that do control it are all pointing the wrong way. According to Ward:

> 'The basis for the expenditure plans . . . contrasts with that adopted up to 1976, which essentially consisted of calculating the rate of output growth which would bring the economy to full employment by the end of the Survey period, given the trend growth of productive potential and existing unemployment. It was implicitly assumed then that Government policies, rarely identified, were capable of securing such a growth rate. Now it is explicitly stated that the Government is incapable of determining how fast the economy expands.'

The Treasury's new economic theory, Ward deduces, is that everything depends on wage inflation, productivity and world trade. The traditional post-war levers for regulating demand and encouraging growth have been discarded. So:

> 'The extent to which a reduction in unemployment would add to gross domestic product is therefore not a primary consideration, and indeed is not mentioned in the White Paper.'

The Treasury's excursions into fantasy, however, have not altogether been replaced by modesty and pessimism. As much public spending is directly governed by the level of public sector wages, a lot rides on getting the wage forecast – sorry, projection – right. This year's central projection is for wage rises of 7 per cent a year. The White Paper's refusal to discuss spending projections based on alternative assumptions:

> 'makes it virtually impossible to enter into a satisfactory dialogue about economic prospects and the policies being pursued. It is also likely to be associated with the formulation of two sets of economic assessments, one for public consumption and one which corresponds to reality.'

If Ward is right, then it can only mean that what the Treasury really expects to happen is even more dire than the White Paper projection of sluggish productivity growth and a semi-permanent pool of 1.3 million unemployed. The message seems to be: if you think we've messed things up with bastard Keynesianism, wait until you see what our bastard monetarism does.

Mortgage mythology

John Forsyth writes: The Conservative politician's terror of the council estate is well known. Thus his desire to transform the serried ranks of Labour-voting council tenants into neat rows of Tory-voting owner occupiers is electorally understandable – if slightly simplistic.

The Labour Government too has increasingly stressed its faith in the expansion of owner occupation both as part of the regeneration of Britain's decaying inner cities and in fulfilment of the expressed desires of the growing number of people who want to take advantage of the comparative freedom – and the financial benefits – which appear to come with owning their own home.

While asserting that the widening of entry into home ownership for people with modest incomes will help to solve housing problems, in the 1977 Housing Policy Green Paper, the Government acknowledge that there would be limits as to how far down the income scale owner occupation could be sustained. No one has felt the desire to hazard a clarification of that limit.

In the current issue of *Roof*, Shelter's housing magazine, Valerie Karn of Birmingham University's Centre for Urban and Regional Studies provides evidence that the limit is pretty high. She investigated the records of a sample of 400 council mortgages given in Birmingham between 1964 and 1971 but followed their history up to 1975.

The sample brought together both strands of the Government's hopes for home ownership. The properties bought were generally the kind of pre-1919 inner city houses which must be saved if regeneration is to take place. Because such properties are comparatively cheap it meant that lower income people could qualify to buy them even subject to conventional building society-type lending criteria. Significantly, the buyers in the sample were only lower income in comparison with building society borrowers. In fact their incomes just about matched the average earnings for the region – and so weren't particularly modest.

Karn discovered that the total failure rate on this policy was 16 per cent – one in six. Three per cent had already had their house repossessed by 1975, while a much larger number were living in a jungle of financial stress and debt juggling, since their incomes weren't big enough to keep them in owner

Oilgate notebook

A still warm trail?

***I have just obtained a copy of a fascinating paper on BP's Group Policy on Rhodesia. It instructs any BP employee who comes across an oil order which they suspect may be destined for Rhodesia to immediately phone the Regional Co-ordinator for Southern Africa. The paper ends by suggesting that particular attention should be given to 'any new or unusual business with BP Southern Africa or any business with any other South African entity, e.g. Sasol'.

BP clearly has a tough line on sanctions – and I immediately pictured hundreds of amateur sleuths inside BP hot on the trail of suspected orders from the rebel regime. Unfortunately, however, the paper is dated 29 December 1978. Why was it that it took BP more than thirteen years to try and make sanctions work?

***In 1967 William Rodgers, then Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office was asked about the supply of oil to Rhodesia through Lourenco Marques. He told Parliament: 'I should prefer to say nothing which might reveal the extent of our knowledge of the regime's complicated and expensive methods of procurement.' A wise reply.

***David Owen, to his credit, appears to have long suspected that things were not quite right with our oil embargo. Six years ago he concluded an examination of the Beira Patrol by suggesting that 'a sensible objective now should be to analyse carefully and unemotionally the reasons for the failure of the overall sanctions policy'. He then added: 'In particular, the quality of the advice from the Ministry of Defence, the Commonwealth Relations Office and the intelligence community needs to be assessed.'

***Last week Charles Medawar suggested that Price Waterhouse should have discovered that Shell and BP were pumping in half of Rhodesia's oil when they were auditing the accounts of Shell Mozambique. Price Waterhouse also audit for Caltex in Southern Africa, and a PW auditor who examined Caltex's books in Mozambique told me of his astonishment when he discovered that the oil company was supplying Rhodesia through Lourenco Marques.

Martin Bailey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occupation once they had been admitted. They had 'qualified' for the mortgage but had been crippled by the costs of furnishing, heating, maintaining and repairing their elderly assets. The other 13 per cent had got into severe difficulty with a first, second, or even subsequent mortgage, and had sold their houses before repossession or were doomed to ultimate failure. It is a challenging answer to the comfortable policy assumptions of the DoE who consider property ownership the natural state of affairs.

Tory axe falls again

Anna Coote writes: 'Cheer up', the ads say, 'Labour can't hold on forever.' As the NEW STATESMAN recorded last year, some cheering doses have already been administered to the citizens of Wandsworth, South London, by a Tory Council installed nine months ago after a long period of Labour rule. Its latest pick-me-up comes in the form of a decision to close a Community Centre which has been providing a unique service to residents of the borough's bleak high-rise estates.

Battersea Action and Counselling Service was set up five years ago with a grant from the Mental Health Trust, but that body funds only experimental projects, so once the Centre was established, it sought – and was granted – financial backing from the local authority. It is staffed by one psychotherapist and two trained counsellors, and also subsidises a day nursery (with three full-time staff) and a food co-op. Last year, 600 people went there for help, mainly suffering from marital problems, depression or agoraphobia. It is the only such service in Britain which is free of charge and funded by local government.

Wandsworth Council's Finance Committee voted last week to withdraw its grant, which amounts to £15,250 a year. The official reason was that the centre was a 'low priority', but staff and management committee were able to show that in fact it *saved* the council some £60,000 a year, by taking preventative measures to stop families needing the attention of the social services. Such argument cut no ice with the Tories. What they really object to, apparently, is that the centre allows a community newspaper, *Pavement*, known for its left-wing flavour, to use its address for mailing; and that the Battersea Redevelopment Action Group, known for its stubborn defence of community interests, holds meetings there in the evenings. Though the centre offered to renegotiate these arrangements and to invite a Conservative councillor to join its management committee, the Tories stuck to their guns. An attempt by Labour councillors to defer the decision was lost by six votes to eight. Now the centre starts a desperate search for alternative funding.

No figs for data protection

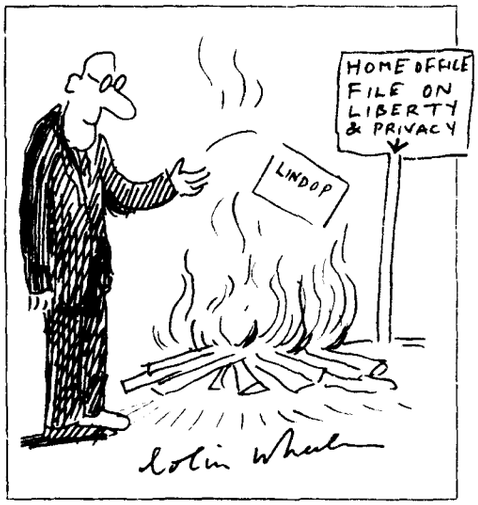
Duncan Campbell writes: The general popularity of the recent report on Data Protection by the Lindop Committee was confirmed last week at the first major conference since the report was issued in December. 'Computers, records, and the right to privacy', organised by the National Computing Centre Ltd., and NCCL. It also served as a forum for the first government response to the committee's recommendations, as no discussion has yet taken place in parliament.

Owing to Merlyn Rees's absence in cabinet, his Home Office brief which was to open the conference was read instead by Lord Boston, an inexperienced and newly appointed junior minister. No discussion was thus possible on the wholly disappointing anodynes proferred. No legislation or even a timetable for legislation was mentioned; but the HO will soon be 'seeking the views of those affected by the report' by letter. This follows wideranging enquiry and evidence-taking by Lindop's committee. The Home Office will consult all the 'major users' of large personal data banks once again, although the public interest will only be sampled through the views of organisations like the TUC, NCCL and Justice.

The brief stressed the constitutional complication of making the proposed Data Protection Authority — which would create and invigilate statutory codes of practice covering all personal data users — independent of the government. Some of Lindop's recommendations would be 'unnecessary or too expensive in relation to the benefits', the Home Office felt. The benefits, anyway, were 'intangible'.

Other civil service sniping at the report included an extraordinary concern over the cost of a staff likely to be as few as 40.

With a government due to terminate soon, it is all too evident that the Home Office mandarins have filed the Lindop committee's work alongside every other important proposal on privacy or liberty in recent years: Franks on Official Secrets. Younger on Privacy, and so on. It is equally clear that there will be no enthusiasm for measures to protect personal data, or provide rights of access, when the next government moves its appointees into the Home Office.



Employer's revenge

Denis MacShane writes: In Nottingham a cruel and old-fashioned revenge is being inflicted on twenty seven members of the National Union of Journalists who took part in the recent provincial newspaper strike. All twenty seven have been told by the Nottingham Evening Post that they will never work as newspapermen (and women) in Nottingham again. It is a threat the paper can carry out as it enjoys a monopoly in the area.

Among those dismissed is a blind journalist with eighteen years service and a pregnant woman. The sacked journalists went on strike to support lesser-paid colleagues elsewhere in provincial newspapers and stood to gain nothing personally. Now while other provincial journalists are returning to work, they are having to organise pickets, and are producing their own weekly newspaper – including contributions from Nottingham Forest manager Brian Clough, who has cut links with the NEP in protest.

The NEP is, unusually, still very much in the control of a local family, in particular Nottinghamshire worthy, Col. Tom Forman Hardy. An ex-submarine commander is NEP's managing director, and a former squadron leader is his deputy. In 1973 the NEP had a major confrontation with the print unions over the introduction of direct input new technology, and won. It is now the only daily newspaper office in the United Kingdom with journalists operating video display terminals, dispensing with NGA compositors. The unions had been unprepared for the 1973 coup.

The crudeness of the journalist sackings has however outraged many in Nottingham. The provincial newspaper employers federation – the Newspaper Society – is now faced with a problem of exerting pressure on its recalcitrant Nottingham member to

FREE SPEECH

Crying Wolf

Crisis 1975 found Harold Wilson and Anthony Crosland preparing for public-spending cuts by being beastly to local government. 'Too many chiefs and not enough Indians', said Wilson. 'The party's over' said Crosland, plucking his red braces resoundingly.

Labour's representatives in local authorities were rather startled by accusations of profligacy from men just elected on a programme of large spending in the social-policy areas which town halls control. Still, a national crisis is a national crisis, and the Labour movement values loyalty. Councillors throughout the country started trying to finance new developments by redeployment and redistribution: there was a search for ingenuity instead of spending, and a new emphasis on cost-effectiveness.

There was little practical advice from on high. *Public Expenditure to 1978-9 (Cmnd 5879)* promised a total 13 per cent growth over the period, with suspiciously precise figures in particular areas (9.1 for health, 9.2 for education). *Priorities for Health and Personal Social Services* (from the DHSS) went, theoretically, into even finer focus – 2.6 per cent, residential day care; 5 per cent, day care; 2 per cent on home helps, meals-on-wheels and field social work – but concluded that local factors would probably determine the real outcome.

Indeed they did. The amateur army of 27,000 elected representatives, consuming much late-night oil, worked on myriads of close-grained decisions, most of them awkward. Naturally – because the chairman of the local education committee is a handier hate-figure than the Prime Minister or the Permanent Secretary to the Treasury – they took a lot of stick for it.

And now it turns out that it was the macroplanners down in Whitehall (operating, presumably, on just the right balance of chiefs and Indians) who were making the real, monumental mess with public expenditure. They presided over national underspending (£7 billion, NS last week) which made all the careful savings of the local authorities quite beside the point. And now, on the political circuit, Ministers are to be heard telling local authorities to spend, spend, spend again.

No doubt the local authorities will gear themselves up again, and start using what money they can get hold of either to do something about their rates, or to restore some flesh to their overstrained services, after the considerable slimming exercise they have all been through. But next time the government starts another panic about overspending, or starts to make noises about the next 'party' being 'over', there won't be the same response as there was last time. Until central government opens up its own systems, and produces a coherent explanation of how it got its 1975-9 sums wrong, there won't be any more local-authority co-operation in response to squawks about 'national crisis'. People just won't believe it.

Anne Page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honour the joint return-to-work formula devised at the end of the strike. If the NEP declines to honour the formula, the Newspaper Society will lose moral credibility unless it swiftly expels the NEP from membership.

The new barbarians

Duncan Campbell writes: Little attention on this side of the Atlantic has been given to continuing revelations about the CIA's relentless search for mental and behavioural control techniques. Considerable documentation of 'Project Artichoke', which lasted 23 years until 1973, was authorised for release last summer and has been issued this month.

The most distinctly bizarre item is a 1962 memorandum for the Chief of the 'Contact Division' outlining a plan for the gathering and export from Tanganyika of the gall bladder and 'other poisonous viscera' of a Nile crocodile. The CIA sought to examine the poisons – prepared to a traditional witch doctor's recipe – to establish their value for assasination or inducing amnesia. The memo outlined the relative merits of exporting the viscera, or sending a live crocodile to the CIA – undercover, naturally, via a US zoo.

A local agent in Tanganyika reported that '(blank) can provide us with the details concerning methods and techniques employed by the witch doctor in preparing the poison'.

In an earlier connected development, the CIA had sought special drugs for use with in problems of 'disposals'. A 'disposed person' was to be kept 'in security until his knowledge of (blank) operations is no longer of value to the enemy'. It was desired to 'cause semi-permanent amnesia for a period of approximately one year'.

Hitler revised

Anna Coote writes: The Press Council has rejected a series of complaints by writer David Irving concerning an investigative review of his history of Hitler published in the *Sunday Times*. The Irving book, published last year, contended that Hitler had no part in the massacre of the Jews, but Gitta Sereny and Lewis Chester examined its evidence and concluded, in Sereny's words, that the book aimed 'to whitewash Hitler by connecting his crimes with the necessities of war and blaming his defeat on treason.'

Irving repeatedly demanded a right of reply to discuss 'new evidence', a demand rejected by the *Sunday Times*. He was particularly concerned about witnesses who had provided evidence for his book and who had been re-interviewed by Sereny: none of whom believed in Hitler's innocence.

PROPAGANDA
Christopher Hitchens

How a newspaper manufactured bad news about the lorry drivers' strike

The Daily Mail does it again

IT TAKES SO LITTLE TIME to check a story which reveals the reporting standards of the Conservative press that it's almost a surprise to find they don't do it themselves. In the last week's NS, Anna Coote referred to the *Daily Mail* and the 'picket violence' that never was. Their report had all the trimmings – a front page splash, with photograph, evoking strong comparisons with Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters in the bad old days. Under the heading 'M-way pickets attack driver', with a smaller headline 'Police guard for victim of violence' came the following first paragraph:

> A lorry driver was hauled from his cab and beaten up with wooden clubs yesterday by four mobile motorway pickets who had followed him for 100 miles. As they shouted 'scab bastard', he fought them off with an iron bar from his cab. Last night a 24-hour police guard was mounted on 26-year old David Field's home in Twickenham, Middlesex.

The NEW STATESMAN has spoken to Mr Field, and to the police officers concerned with the case. We can reveal, as the *Mail* would put it, that the only accurate and reliable thing on the front page of that day's *Mail* was the date. The sixty words quoted above contain *eight* direct mistatements of fact; a high density even by Fleet Street standards. First, Field was not 'hauled from his cab'. Second, he was not 'beaten up', though he did collect a blow on the shoulder from a piece of wood. Third, he was only molested by one man. Fourth, the words 'scab bastard' were never uttered. Five, he says his swing with the jackhandle was a reflex and he was never 'fighting'. Six, there is nothing to identify the men as pickets, striking lorry drivers, or members of any trade union. Seven, there is no evidence that Field had been followed – indeed all the evidence points the other way. Eight, the police did not guard Field's home and have no evidence whatever that the incident was connected with the strike – although that was the clear implication of the *Daily Mail's* story.

Field tells us that he doesn't think the men were lorry drivers at all, let alone pickets. He is not himself a union member, and his job is in any case not affected by the strike. He thinks the men, with whom he had the briefest of encounters, spoke in Midlands accents and he did not say, as reported, that their van took off for London after the attack. Continuing more or less at random (there is a whopper in almost every sentence), Field does not recall being punched in the mouth (as alleged), he did not go to hospital because he did not (as alleged) 'need hospital treatment'. He disowns every single quote about the incident which the *Daily Mail* attributes to him.

Detective Inspector Cook of the Stechford police says that they have no evidence of the lorry having been followed, and no leads about the character or identity of the attackers. Therefore, not only was the story wrong in all the detailed respects mentioned, it is also a *general* smear fabrication connecting a small incident with the wider issue of the dispute.

As a final coda to this astonishing piece of yellow journalism, it appears that the man who signed the story was not the man who 'interviewed' Mr Field. None of these deficiencies on the part of the *Mail* item prevented other rags, notably the *Daily Express*, from repeating or duplicating it. We hear a great deal about 'circulation wars' in the Street, but when it comes to reporting the trade unions there is virtual uniformity of comment, and a great similarity in methods of 'coverage'.

The *Daily Mail* has long been famous for two things; its bitter and hysterical hatred of the Labour movement and its abysmal failure as a newspaper to get at the truth. Sometimes, as in the celebrated case of the Zinoviev letter, the political bias and the rank dishonesty merge in the same story. Sometimes, as in the case of the Leyland slush fund forgery, it is simply that the editor and his staff have difficulty telling fact from fiction. In this little episode, worth anatomising in some detail, the conclusion seems to be that Toryism and honest journalism just don't mix.

Police guard for victim of violence

M-way pickets attack driver

By KEITH COLLING

A LORRY driver was hauled from his cab and beaten up with wooden clubs yesterday by four mobile motorway pickets who had followed him for 100 miles.

As they shouted 'Scab bastard', he fought them off with an iron bar from his cab.

Daily Mail, Thursday, January 18, 1979

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION
Rick Rogers

Understaffing and large classes are the real dangers

Schools close, schooling goes on

The public employees' industrial action is currently closing only some three and a half per cent of state schools in England and Wales every day – around 1,000 schools. So overall the educational problem is relatively small-scale. Things were worse on their day of action on 22 January.

A DES sample survey reveals that on that Monday nearly all the schools in 25 out of 52 English LEAs were closed, keeping some two million out of school – there are 8.3 million children of school age in England. Some areas like Liverpool where NUPE is weak were hardly affected – only half a dozen schools shut. Other areas suffered worse disruption – Avon lost 60 per cent of its schools. Since then, schools have endured sporadic strike action, and a few, as in Haringey, Sunderland and Newcastle, have yet to reopen. Around half the schools are shut purely because of a shortage of oil.

NUPE's official policy is that pickets outside school seek to persuade teachers not to do the work of its members – preparing school meals, cleaning the school, starting heating systems. The teacher unions go along with this and do nothing to 'nullify the sanctions of other unions'. Schools are closing not because children and teachers are prevented by force or intimidation from going to school, or because the school may be too cold or dirty to work in. These privations can be overcome without strike-breaking. The crucial factor is whether the school is unlocked in the morning. If a NUPE or GMWU caretaker refuses to do so (it's his job), the head has to decide whether to use his own set of keys. He has the right to open up but not the 'contractual obligation'. If he doesn't open up, everyone stays at home. Often the LEA itself decides that because of strike action its schools will stay shut. So it's not just NUPE which is closing the schools.

There have nevertheless been some cheap jokes recently about NUPE's contribution to the Year of the Child. No doubt the same cracks will be made about the teachers when they resort to industrial action in support of their 35 per cent pay claim. The teachers are certainly not going to get the public sympathy they received for their last major pay offensive back in 1969/70, particularly as they are coming after the claims of the low paid – and remember the sympathy they are getting.

However jokes don't help parents who may be losing wages and children who may be losing schooling. Could children be exempted from the effects of industrial action? Can parents offset those effects?

Schools as no-strike areas?

Some parents have already protested vigorously. There have been suggestions that while the right to strike should remain for school-based unions in certain circumstances, schools should not be such ready targets for action. Teachers, for example, should not put the interests of other unions above those of the children. Is a no-strike area feasible?

Most of the unions concerned regard the idea as a non-starter. It's just not practical, they say. The list of cases worthy of exemption grows with each new strike. Organising exemptions would be complicated and could even make the situation worse. In any case, how do you exempt schools from action by electricity unions? Exemptions also require firm guarantees on comparability in annual pay awards – and what government is really able or willing to keep its side of such a bargain?

The National Association of Head Teachers would want to rely instead on the professional judgment of its members to decide whether to restart a school if industrial action continued for an extended period. The National Union of Teachers points out that actions such as refusing to take out-of-school activities, half-day strikes and even closing down a school completely for several days have short-term and temporary effects on children's education. Government cuts in education and under-spending by local authorities do more permanent damage. A child may be out of school for two or three days because of strike action; that same child may spend ten years in over-size classes with inadequate equipment and unable to make the most of her talents. Certainly the part-time education many children had to endure in the mid-Seventies because of teacher shortages received much less publicity. But the level of education a child got was reduced by much more than the combined actions of NUPE, GMWU and the NUT are likely to inflict.

It's worth pointing out that most children still lose more days' schooling in a year from illness and other random factors than from industrial action. The more urgent worries at the moment are the practical difficulties for families where both parents go out to work – not to mention one-parent families.

What can parents do?

Advice to grin and bear it though is cold comfort to harassed and concerned parents. Eventually children *will* lose that vital continuity in their schooling – their lives merely 'punctuated with education'. Their interest and commitment will decline – project work abandoned, exam study disrupted. But the main damage now will more likely be psychological. If adults are casual about the urgency of schooling (access to and resources for), children too will become casual about its importance. Can we really condemn truancy any more? We adults have our own ways of making children skip school.

What then can parents do to take the strain off those children who are or will be locked out of school?

One straightforward move is to get the school to use its discretionary holiday quota for those days when the school is shut – for example, ILEA has ten such days available on top of the normal holiday periods. A further possibility is to try to re-arrange the school holiday at Easter to make up for days lost during the term.

Children with exam commitments looming up could be given special sessions by the teachers in 'neutral' premises. Arrangements for holiday activities might be revived at short notice; local sports centres could fix up special training and games sessions. Many schools keep rooms open and supervision available for those children likely to end up roaming the streets – make sure your school has 'sanctuary' arrangements.

Don't let the local authority get away with doing nothing if industrial action keeps a school closed indefinitely. Section 8 of the 1944 Education Act places a duty on the local authority to provide full-time education. Schools closed in term-time for whatever reason mean, technically, authorities are acting illegally. Parents also have a legal duty under section 39 to ensure their children attend school regularly. Groups of parents could always take their children along to the local education offices and demand some alternative provision – educational or just basic childminding – be made or that schools be reopened for specific periods on a rota basis.

One final move could be through the school governors. They have responsibility for the internal organisation of the school. Two governors can call a special meeting which can exert pressure on the local authority to have the school reopened. Unfortunately there is nothing in the articles of school governing bodies to cover industrial action by school staff or unwillingness by LEAs to find fast and acceptable solutions.

Schooling is an essential service. Any lengthy interruption or chronic inadequacy in its provision needs constructive and imaginative responses to ensure that the real losers don't turn out in the end to be the children.

We never reopen

☐ Official figures for 1978 about those schools which close permanently have just been issued by the Secretary of State. In England, 77 primary schools and 13 secondary schools have been approved for closure – 28 of them will shut this year and nine in 1980.

Unfortunately that's all the information Mrs Williams is able, or prepared, to give. She claims to be unable to say why the schools are being closed, or in most cases where the schools are, or how many schools approved for closure before 1978 will also cease to operate this year or next.

Our People

☐ It's a rare delight to find a television documentary as vigorous and uncompromising as *Our People*, the networked Thames TV adult education series, now in its fourth week. Next Thursday's programme deals with migrant workers, showing how Britain's community of West Indians and Asians developed as part of a pattern of migration which started in the early 1950s when the richer countries of Europe began to demand cheap labour to do their dirty work. If anything can help to dispel race prejudice, it is this kind of compassionate, yet ruthlessly factual approach. Good news, then, that *Our People* will be repeated at the beginning of next year on schools television. A booklet which accompanies the series sets out the facts and figures of immigration and is available *free* from Thames TV, 23 Hungerford Lane, London W2. The films can be hired (for adult and further education courses, for instance) from Film Forum, 56 Brewer Street, London W1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EQUAL RIGHTS
Anna Coote

The 'curse of the quango' has been visited on Northern Ireland

Trouble at Ulster's EOC

FINE WINE, canapés and camembert cheese were served amid tasteful flower arrangements at a luncheon in Callendar Street, Belfast last September. The venue was the Northern Ireland Equal Opportunities Commission. The guests were the heads of Northern Ireland's Education and Library Boards. The occasion was the launching of a formal investigation by the EOC into possible sex discrimination in Ulster's schools. It might be compared with a cocktail party thrown at Scotland Yard for London's sex shop owners, to launch a new crack-down on pornography.

Like its larger sister in Manchester (dissected in the NEW STATESMAN last November), the Northern Ireland EOC is a quango. It has run into a very similar kind of trouble. The Commissioners (with one or two notable exceptions) are reluctant to take any positive action to fight inequality; they are more inclined to try persuading the establishment to change its ways (in the manner described above) than to carry out their statutory duty to enforce the law. And the staff – many of them committed feminists – are up in arms about it. Last November they held a one-day strike to draw attention to their grievance. Now they have compiled a 20-page dossier of detailed criticisms. A public inquiry has been demanded and relations between staff and top management are at an all-time low.

An alarming picture emerges from the dossier, of bureaucratic muddle, incompetence and apparently deliberate attempts to avoid enforcing the law. To anyone acquainted with the Manchester fiasco, it has a very familiar ring to it: 'The Commission is said to possess an extensive degree of autonomy yet we operate under a system of unwieldy procedures which are a hindrance to the smooth running of this organisation. The Legal and Research Sections have been hampered and subjected to unnecessary interference.' The staff claim their hard work often comes to nothing, because it is not followed through at higher levels, and they cite one example of a document on discrimination in Invalidity Pensions, prepared in May last year by the Legal Clerk:

> Now, after nearly six months this matter has been brought up by the General Manager who appears to be unaware of the work prepared in May. This unfortunately is a typical situation of requests made, deadlines given, work completed, requests forgotten, work forgotten and unused.

A formal investigation into Northern Ireland's clothing industry was requested by the National Union of Tailor and Garment Workers on 4 March last year. Due to a series of unexplained delays, the Terms of Reference for the inquiry were not published until 27 October. The investigation itself has still not begun.

Individuals have been deterred – against the wishes of the legally qualified staff – from pursuing complaints of sex discrimination through the courts and tribunals, as the case of Ms R. illustrates. Ms R. works as a computer operator at Queens University, Belfast. She approached the EOC for help with an equal pay claim. A meeting was held between the head of personnel at Queens, the General Manager of the EOC and the Secretary to the Commission – all of whom are on first name terms. The man from Queens said the university was not breaking the law. The Secretary to the Commission wrote to Ms R. informing her that in their view she did not have a case – and she not unnaturally dropped her complaint. In their dossier the EOC staff point out that Queen's university is the subject of another, similar complaint which has since been established as a *prima facie* case of sex discrimination.

The dossier quotes several other cases which have met similarly sticky ends. Ms Y approached the EOC last summer when she learnt, after taking some years off work to raise a family, that she could not be reemployed in her position as a Careers Officer: she would have to work her way up from the bottom again. The staff of the Legal Department thought she might have grounds for a complaint of indirect discrimination, but the General Manager declared Ms Y's case was 'nebulous' and no action has yet been taken. This week he told a Belfast newspaper that 'as general policy the Commission works through persuasion . . . rather than involving the law'. Unfortunately, persuasion, quango-style, seldom makes an impact on those who are determined to break the law.

AMERICA
Godfrey Hodgson

The New Right coalition that could wreck SALT II

Lining up for the Great Debate

WHAT IS CLEAR enough, as the ninety-sixth Congress begins work in Washington, is that 1979 will see a Great Debate on American foreign policy. What is not so clear is just what the issues will be, where the lines of battle will be drawn – or who will be the winners.

The debate in the Senate on ratification of a SALT treaty – always assuming that the Russians are willing to sign one, after President Carter's *affaire* with China – will be an all-ticket cup tie in itself. A few days ago I talked to one of the officials responsible for what the conservatives scornfully deride as SALT-selling – an ignoble commerce in their view. The debate would be ranked as the most important, not just of this Administration, he told me solemnly, but since the Senate rejected the Versailles treaty in 1920. A man in his job would naturally see its importance in those terms. But the remark does echo a sense of ominous apprehension among the supporters of SALT, and a certain joy of battle in the eyes of its opponents.

It is now conceded, even inside the Carter Administration, that it was a serious mistake to 'normalise' relations with China – let alone take Teng Hsiao-ping, whose reputation with the Russians stands roughly like that of the Pope in Sandy Row, on a Cook's tour of the United States – without having first made sure of the SALT deal. When the American delegation, led by Cyrus Vance, met the Russians in Geneva, just before Christmas and immediately after the China spectacular was announced, Vance fully expected the Russians to say *'da'* to a February summit. Carter and Brezhnev would initial a treaty – there are 60 pages of it – and then the Senate debate could begin. Instead, when Gromyko met Vance, he said nothing about a summit. Or nothing good.

Camera Press

Senators Henry Jackson and Howard Baker

In retrospect, it is obvious that the Russians have nothing to gain by reaching a SALT agreement until they have used it as leverage to limit the intensity of this new American flirtation with China. It's the only leverage they have. Nobody in Washington goes so far as to predict that the Russians will refuse to sign a treaty. They need it, to prevent a new technological arms race that would be ruinous to their economy. The danger is simply that they will delay signature so late that the Senate debate will be embroiled in the start of the 1980 presidential season, which will be well under way by the autumn of this year. If that were to happen, (even the most fervent of the SALT-sellers agree) the treaty could be in real trouble.

It could be in real trouble anyway. The Administration's own head-counters estimated that there was a hard core of some 25 Senators in the old Congress who were pretty certain to oppose a SALT treaty. At least three and perhaps four votes were lost in the elections. That makes 28 or 29 votes against. It only takes 34 to block a treaty. Moreover, while the Administration's congressional honchoes make confident noises about it being all right on the night, a wily Republican congressman of my acquaintance doesn't agree. He points out, for example, that while the President's men are confident of the Republican minority leader, Senator Howard Baker, the truth is that Baker is furious with the President for campaigning for Baker's opponent in the election in Tennessee last October. Angrily, Baker is saying that if that's the reward you get for helping the President with his legislation, then it isn't worth the trouble. More generally, this congressman told me that many Republicans and conservative Democrats – rather amazingly, considering the importance of the issues involved – see the SALT treaty as an opportunity to offset their votes of the Panama treaties last year. The argument would go like this: 'I voted for hauling down Old Glory in the canal zone last year, and I caught unshirted hell from the conservatives for it. What's more, I missed out on the golden shower of money which descended on those who voted against the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treaties.' There is considerable envy in the Senate for Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina, who raised $6 million – far more than he needed – from the conservative contributors (with the help of the high pressure Right-wing fund-raiser, Richard Viguery), largely on the strength of his stand against the Panama treaty. The moderate-to-conservative Republican finds himself saying: 'Why don't I do myself a bit of good with all those well-heeled conservatives, by voting against the SALT treaty?'

BUT SALT will only be part of a broader, more confused debate. This will be a turning-point, one way or another, in American actions and attitudes towards the outside world – as important, perhaps, as that marked by the revulsion against the Vietnam War in the late 1960s, or even as the commitment to containing Communism in 1974.

A second congressional battle, only less important than the SALT vote, will come on the so-called 'Tokyo Round' of international trade negotiations. That may sound dry-as-dust. Quite the reverse. It will be a real political alley-fight, in which every special interest in America, from farmers to special steelmakers to chemical corporations to textile mills, will be pulling and hauling and lobbying and logrolling – and performing every political martial art known to Capitol Hill – in an effort to get Congress to go back on the complex agreements which successive Presidents have just spent six years negotiating with the rest of the world.

After finally reaching agreement with the EEC, with the Japanese and with 92 other countries at the end of the year, the Carter administration on 5 January set in motion an elaborate legislative timetable laid down in the major Trade Act of 1974. At the end of it all, (in theory) some time in August Congress will have voted, yea or nay, on the package negotiated with the rest of the world. Nobody believes that will happen. Instead, congressional opponents of the trade deal will be busy using any one of half a dozen loopholes to try to get the Administration to renegotiate – something neither the Europeans nor the Japanese will take kindly to.

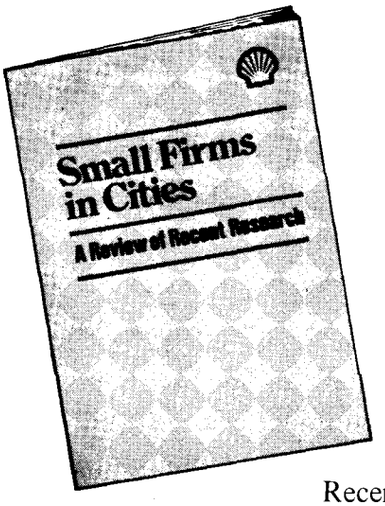
And other issues will come before Congress in the course of the year. Inevitably one of them will be Southern Africa, and in particular Rhodesia. And the group of Senators who voted to invite Ian Smith to the United States, in defiance of the United Nations, and to lift sanctions, overlaps very closely with those who voted against the Panama treaty and will vote against SALT.

What is happening is that a new coalition, a neo-conservative coalition, if you like, is coming into existence in Congress. It is made up of congressmen and Senators who may be traditional conservatives, or mainstream Republicans, or former liberal Democrats like 'Scoop' Jackson and Pat Moynihan, who are sceptical of traditional liberal attitudes, strongly pro-Israel, and sharply suspicious of the Soviet Union. (Increasingly these two last attitudes go together in American politics.) This new coalition has support in business, in the Pentagon and in the CIA, of course. But it also has powerful support in the intellectual world – from Norman Podhoretz's *Commentary* crowd, but also from new, well-funded and highly efficient research institutions and pressure groups, like the American Enterprise Institute, the Georgetown Center for the Study of International Law (where Henry Kissinger hangs his hat these days, when not writing history or trying to get the big Mexican oil loan for Goldman, Sachs), the Committee on the Present Danger, and the Coalition for a Democratic Majority. Not all members of these groups agree on everything, of course. Not all of them, indeed, oppose a SALT treaty. (It will be interesting to see how Dr Kissinger contrives simultaneously to bask in the glory of SALT I and to get mileage out of opposing SALT II, but his admirers are confident that he will successfully perform this feat of contortionism.) But what they do add up to is a new intellectual and political climate in which a premium is put on the utmost scepticism with regard to the intentions of the Soviet Union, and on contempt for the alleged weakness of traditional foreign policies where safeguarding American interests is concerned. It is an attitude that is typically advanced in scholarly polysyllables, but there is an unmistakable whiff of demagoguery and chauvinism about it just the same.

But the Great Debate will not be merely a confrontation between the Carter Administration, as the champion of traditional liberal foreign policies, and the New Right. If it were, there would be little hope for traditional liberal foreign policies, I suspect. The tide is running too strongly the other way, even if the Carter Administration's record, on Panama, on Southern Africa, and on human rights, is more than respectable.

The truth is that at least four separate issues are becoming intermingled. One is the conflict between the President - indeed the Presidency – and Congress over the right to control American foreign policy. The second is between a 'liberal' willingness to take certain risks in the interests of improving relations with the Soviet Union, and a conservative suspicion of all its works. The third is the growing rebellion against global commitment in an America plagued by energy shortage, balance of payments problems, and persisting recession and unemployment, especially in some declining industrial regions. One consequence of this rebellion may well be a harshening of what have hitherto been pretty sunny relations between Washington and its traditional European allies. 'Carter is being torn between US ties to Western Europe and pressure from American constituents to increase social programs . . .' wrote Dom Bonafede, one of the shrewdest Washington observers, recently. 'He is destined to alienate one side or the other.'

And the fourth, and perhaps the most important stake of all in this year of confused and passionate debate, is nothing less than the credibility of the United States itself. That is what is at stake in the congressional debate over the trade talks. It is posed for many people around the world, whatever the Left may think, by the Administration's willingness to 'abandon' Taiwan and the Shah. Most significantly and more directly it is at stake in the SALT debate. What if, after all, the President of the United States were to succeed, after long years of hard bargaining, in negotiating a treaty with the Soviet Union, only to see it turned down in the Senate? The consequences are so disturbing that they in themselves constitute one of the best reasons for optimism. On balance, the odds are still probably in favour of the treaty passing. But no one should now take it for granted.



The small business in the U.K.economy.

New Research Review.

Recent research on business formation in Britain's regions is reviewed in a new study commissioned by Shell U.K. Limited and written by Graham Bannock and Alan Doran of Economist Advisory Group.

The study report, "Small Firms in Cities," is concerned with trends in the small firms sector, and is part of the Shell Small Business Initiative - a programme of measures to help the creation and development of small firms in the U.K.

Copies of the report are available, price £1, post free, from UKPA/42, Shell U.K. Limited, Shell-Mex House, Strand, London WC2R 0DX.

Shell Small Business.
Initiative

Shell U.K. Limited

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRAN
Fred Halliday

Doubts remain about Khomeini's views and allegiances

Can the army be controlled?

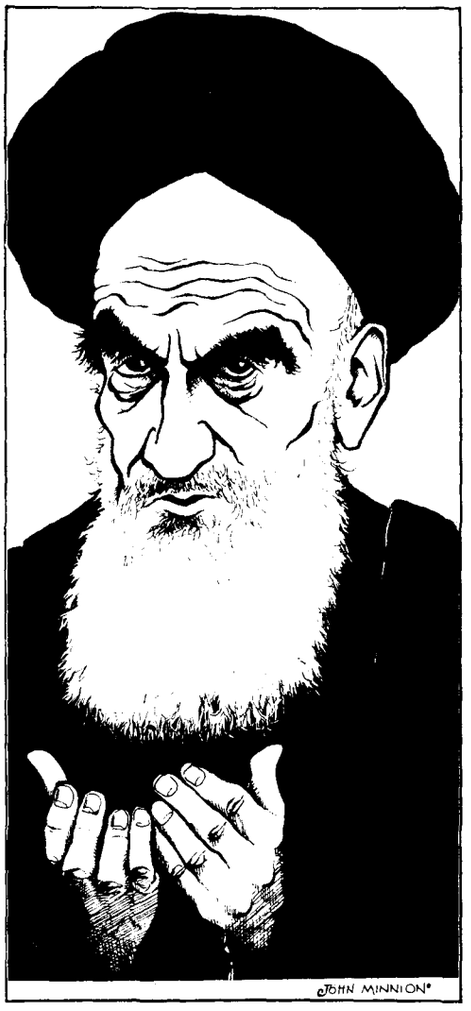
The visage of Ayatollah Khomeini, bearded and frowning, has become the focus of the nationwide protest movement that forced the Shah into exile on January 16. Yet beyond his evident hostility to the Pahlavi dynasty and his emphatic invocations of a traditional Islam, this strange and long obscure 78-year old leader has evaded conventional categorisation. The roots of Khomeini's personality and of his appeal lie in the history of the Shi'a brand of Islam to which an estimated 93% of the Iranian population subscribe, and in the intermittent history of opposition to the monarch which the Shi'a clergy, the mollahs or *ulema*, have shown in the past century. Given the absence of any authoritative hierarchy in Islam, the dominance of one or other leader depends on his personal influence and character and on shifts of power at any one time. The 180,000-odd mollahs have no coherent form of expression at a national level, but traditionally they have looked to the ten or so leading officials known as Ayatollah or Sign of God. These Ayatollahs, located in major cities such as Tehran, or in pilgrimage cities such as Mashad and Qom, are, for want of a better word, the cardinals of Shi'a Islam.

In the 1800s and again in the 1900s the mullahs played a significant role in Iranian politics. They ensured that the constitution promulgated in 1906 gave a special place to Islam, and that an Ecclesiastical Committee of five religious leaders could propose and veto all legislation relevant to their view of religion. At the same time they voiced the traditional Shi'a hostility to tyranny, and the demonstrators today who condemn the Shah as 'Namrood' are comparing him to the Pharoah Nimrod, renowned in the Koran for his despotism and for voicing the arrogant Pharaonic claim to divinity.

But the movements of the mullahs at that time also had a strong nationalistic element within them, and some of the revival in Islamic ideas in Iran must be due to a sense that Iran, for all its economic development, has become once again a victim of foreign powers. The presence of thousands of American advisors and the flow of oil revenues out of the country through various forms of what is politely called 'recycling' have over time aroused a latent laid and deeply felt nationalist response.

The irony is that the most noticeable nationalistic movement in Iran, that of Mossadeq in the late 1940s and early 1950s, was secular in character and owed very little to the ideas or institutions of Islam. Indeed the leading Ayatollah of that period, Kashani, broke with Mossadeq and ended up by backing the army and the Shah in the August 1953 coup. The rather simplified notion that Shi'a Islam is inherently anti-monarchical and anti-state does not, therefore, stand up in the face of Kashani's record.

Khomeini himself was a political unknown until the fifties when the most influential Ayatollah was Sayyid Aqa Hussein Burujirdi, an apolitical leader known for his learning. On his death in 1961 there was no clear agreement amongst the mollahs as to who should now be regarded as his successor. But whilst two other Ayatollahs were judged superior in learning, Khomeini made his mark by political



attacks on the regime. Himself the son and grandson of mollahs, he was teaching in the Faydiya Madrasah or Religious School in Qom and in 1962, as the Shah's 'White Revolution' was getting underway Khomeini began to make fiery sermons in the mosque and Madrasah against the tyrant Mohammad Reza.

In March 1963, a day celebrating the martyrdom of the sixth Imam, soldiers and SAVAK men broke into Khomeini's Madrasah, killing a number of students and arresting the Ayatollah. The identification of Khomeini with the martyred Imam was quickly made, and after his release a short time later, Khomeini continued with his denunciations. Finally, after new clashes, he was arrested on June 4 1963 and exiled to Turkey. There he remained until 1965 when he took up residence in the Shi'a shrines of Iraq. He was to stay in Iraq until September 1978 when the Baghdad government, in a rather misjudged gesture of solidarity with the Shah, expelled him to Kuwait from where he made his way to the Parisian suburbs.

Much dispute surrounds the question of what Khomeini said in 1963. The main issues were secular. One was the granting of extra-territorial rights to US servicemen and their families serving in Iran, a move that was linked to a major US loan to the Shah and was very unpopular. The second was the issue of tyranny. In one sermon he took up a copy of the Koran in one hand and the 1906 constitution in the other and attacked the Shah for violating both. On another occasion he stated: 'the constitution has been bought with the blood of our fathers, and we will not permit it to be violated. Our sole demand is the execution of law'.

Khomeini does not seem to have made a great issue out of land reform, which anyway is now a dead issue. He is accused of having opposed the granting of votes to women in 1963, but his real, and documented, opposition to changes in the position of women came when he opposed the Family Protection Act of 1967 which ended the traditional Muslim male right to instantaneous divorce and terminated polygamy. His claim in recent interviews that Islam endorses the equality of men and women is evasive and finds no foundation in the Koran. The latter is clear on this point: 'Men have authority over women because Allah has made the one superior to the other'. Indeed, until the 1967 reform, the mollahs administered the system of *sighe* or temporary marriages, which amounted to a form of religiously sanctioned prostitution.

Most of Khomeini's recent political statements have been of a rather generic kind. He certainly favours a reduction in Iran's links with the west, although since early January he has toned down his criticisms of the USA. He is opposed to selling oil to or having diplomatic relations with Israel and in accordance with his prejudiced religious view of the matter he casts Jews as the 'enemies of Islam'. Yet despite alarm about the attitude of the opposition to the tens of thousands of Iranian Jews, there has been little overt friction between Muslims and Jews in the recent months. El Al planes sent to Tehran,to bring out members of the Jewish community, had to return to Tel Aviv empty.

Khomeini's attitude to other political forces is one of suspicion. There is bad blood between himself and the National Front, at least partly because he claims the Front did not support him in his clash with the regime in 1963. Khomeini never mentions the name of Mossadeq who until the revival in support for the Ayatollah was the unchallenged symbol of nationalist and anti-Pahlavi feeling. Indeed, whether with Khomeini's agreement or not, Muslim organisers of the recent demonstrations in Tehran have torn down pictures of Mossadeq, as they have those of urban guerrillas killed in clashes with the regime over recent years. This indicates a consistent policy of obscuring all political traditions that might provide an alternative pole of orientation to Khomeini's.

Khomeini has consistently attacked Marxists in his statements, and claimed, inaccurately, that the Soviet Union has given as much support to the Shah as the west and China. He has also expressly forbidden his followers to co-operate with the Left, and amongst those believed to be on his proposed Islamic Council are individuals from the right-wing of the political spectrum. Khomeini's main supprter in Iran, Mehdi Bazargan, took his Iran Liberation Movement out of the National Front precisely because it agreed to allow the Iranian Socialists League (a social-democratic body) to join, and his two main spokesmen in Paris, Ibrahim, Yazdi and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sadagh Chateb Zadeh, are veteran foes of the Left within the exile student community. Although Tudeh (communist) Party Secretary-General Ehsanullah Kianuri has recently stated that his party is willing to co-operate with Khomeini, the latter's followers remain unimpressed. In the streets of Tehran and on the walls of the London underground, the slogan 'Death to the Shah, Traitor and Seller of the Country' has now been joined by the words 'Death to the Central Committee of the Tudeh, Traitor and Seller of the Country'.

Khomeini's demand for a return to the 1906 constitution is, as far as it goes, one that commands virtually universal support in Iran but there are several major areas of ambiguity within this that will soon become evident. One is that Article Three expressly denies votes to women – in common with foreigners, murderers, bankrupts, thieves and criminals. Article Four also bans from standing for election anyone who cannot read and write Persian, a major consideration in a country where only half the population have Persian as their first language and where adult literacy is at most 40%. The 1906 constitution also allows a measure of power to the monarchy, whereas the call is now for a republic, an inevitable result of the monarch's despotism over the past quarter-century.

The most immediate question concerning Khomeini now is whether he can convert his great achievement in forcing the Shah to leave into a permanent political victory. In particular, he seems to be underestimating the Iranian armed forces who, at 420,000 strong, are still a formidable repressive force. For the time being, under advice from the Shah and from Washington, the generals are holding their fire. They know the strength of the popular movement and the inroads that months of exposure to the streets have made on the lower ranks. But neither of these considerations will on their own hold the army back indefinitely and Khomeini's oft-repeated pleas to the army not to fire on the population have already been drowned in a lot of blood. The news that since the Shah's departure pro-Khomeini members of the air force are being taken from their beds at night and summarily shot should leave no-one in doubt as to the determination of at least some of the top generals. If Khomeini fails in the next few weeks to find an accommodation with the political forces in Tehran, then the army will almost certainly intervene much more decisively than it yet has and all that Khomeini's followers have fought to achieve may yet be lost.

S.E. ASIA
William Shawcross

The 'pipsqueak prince' plans a settlement with Hanoi

Sihanouk the eternal optimist

FIGHTING continues in Cambodia. The Vietnamese army has reached the Thai border, but forces loyal to the Khmer Rouge government – bypassed in the initial blitzkrieg – have regrouped to harass the invader's communications. The Khmer Rouge claim to have regained Angkor.

Vietnamese firepower is overwhelming, but Western intelligence analysts in Bangkok think that the Cambodians are having some success with guerilla tactics, such as the Vietnamese themselves used against the Americans. Continued resistance depends on the ability of the Chinese to carry out their promise to support a Cambodian 'people's war'. The logistical problem is the lack of a Chinese border with Cambodia: Prince Sihanouk has speculated, wistfully and undiplomatically, on the possibility that the Thais might turn a blind eye to supplies reaching Cambodia through north-eastern Thailand. In effect, Cambodia's prospects depend closely on whether or not Sihanouk, from New York, can organise the international sympathy which will be necessary if the Khmer Rouge – until recently his jailers – are not be ground into defeat.

So far, he has made considerable progress: his starting point, in the debate before the UN Security Council, has been a triumph for Sihanouk, the debate was a classic example of the super-power technique of deploying front-men – and of the way in which a genuinely non-aligned nationalist can disrupt that approach.

Oleg Troyansky opened for the USSR, arguing that the whole exercise was a gross interference in the private affairs of 'Kampuchea', whose people had spontaneously overthrown a 'Hitlerite genocidal regime'. Quoting with relish the remarks of Jimmy Carter and other Westerners on the behaviour of the Khmer Rouge, he produced a cable from the 'government' in Phnom Penh which requested that any debate should be postponed until its representative could arrive.

The Chinese delegate, waving this communciation, pointed out that it carried no identification other than the RCA (Radio Corporation of America) heading. 'We all know', he said, 'that RCA has not served Phnom Penh in some time'. Clearly, the cable had been forged by the Vietnamese or the Russians. Troyansky raised a smile.

Sihanouk was seated, over Soviet and – sadly, ironically – Czechoslovak complaints. As a sop, Vietnam and Cuba were allowed into the debate. Sihanouk, having described effectively Vietnam's historic designs upon Cambodia, admitted that Phnom Penh and parts of the Cambodian countryside had been occupied. But he insisted – gaining much sympathy – that this could not mean that 'the legal government becomes ipso facto illegal, to be replaced in the UN by a puppet regime'. Had not de Gaulle's government been recognised in exile?

The Soviets put up the Cuban, Dr Roa Kouri, to denounce him: he frequently performs such services for Moscow in a harsh, humorless manner. Sihanouk was on 'opera prince', who had danced all his life to the tune of 'a senile old man and his gang in Peking'. Instead of protesting the excesses of the Pol Pot regime, he had spent the last three years 'crooning' in Phnom Penh. Why had he not immolated himself, like a Buddhist monk? The Cubans, who did not fear nuclear bombs, did not fear a 'pipsqueak prince'.

Sihanouk smiled broadly through the abuse, and replied that the speech was 'very insulting, of course, but very good'. If he was an opera prince, 'then Castro is certainly an opera dictator – all those silly military uniforms'. Mao, indeed, had once said Sihanouk was 'adorable', and suggested that he become a communist, 'or at least a Maoist'. But 'communism is like mathematics to me'. In any case, he had never sold out to China as Cuba had to the USSR. 'When Castro speaks, one would think he was a Soviet.'

After four days' debate, not one country outside the Soviet bloc had supported Vietnam. Universally, the Khmer Rouge regime was condemned, but equally universally no-one saw its excesses as justification for the invasion. The Vietnamese were visibly discomfited to be branded aggressors by those who had supported them against the Americans – after the debate, Hanoi announced that Sihanouk would be welcome to return to Phnom Penh as 'non-executive president'.

Sihanouk, seemingly, does not rule out a return. But he says that he is too exhausted at the moment, and that he has done all that he needs to do for the remnants of the Pol Pot regime. (For three years, he sat in his house, surrounded by boy soldiers with AK 47s, listening to the BBC and the Voice of America cataloguing the enormities of Khmer Rouge rule, and wondering whether he was about to be killed.) But, just before going into hospital, he told me: 'I feel capable of negotiating a settlement with Hanoi; I know the Vietnamese well'. He would guarantee complete neutrality, while supplying Vietnam with all the rice Cambodia could afford to sell. 'If we don't find a solution soon, the Vietnamese will be in Cambodia for ever'.

VICTORIAN SCOTLAND
Steam railways, ornate pubs, winter gardens, paddle steamers, architecture, antiques and art—just some of the attractions of Scotland's legacy from the Victorian age.
To help you enjoy it at its best the Scottish Tourist Board have prepared a brochure and compendium of events to introduce you to the sights and sounds of Victorian Scotland.
It will tell you something of the concerts, exhibitions and courses that have been developed so you can appreciate the unique atmosphere of an entire era.
For the full story on Victorian Scotland write to:
Victorian Scotland, Scottish Tourist Board, 23 Ravelston Terrace, Edinburgh EH4 3EU.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Threat of the electronic spies

Last year's Official Secrets Act trial was not about Whitehall trivia but the serious problem of investigation and oversight of the burgeoning international security and intelligence *apparat*. Vast sums are swallowed on intelligence collection, yet the agencies systematically fail to foresee important crises – Iran being the major recent example. DUNCAN CAMPBELL describes the record to date, and the case for public and parliamentary scrutiny.

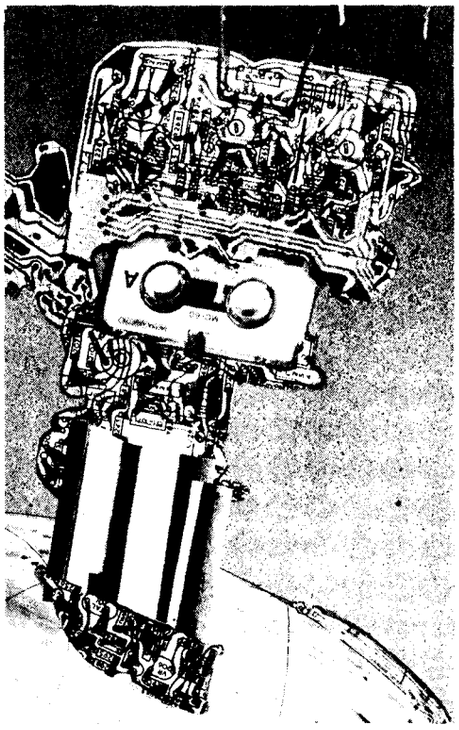
THANKS TO certain proceedings at the Old Bailey last year, we now have official confirmation of the fact that two massive buildings in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, are the offices of Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ); that the work of this organisation involves signals intelligence (Sigint), now officially defined as the 'reception and analysis of foreign communications and other electronic transmissions for intelligence purposes'; and that it is a 'majority shareholder in British intelligence'.

For some reason, GCHQ has never attracted the same degree of public interest as other intelligence agencies – perhaps because its image is less glamorous than that of the Special Branch or MI6, or because its work (as officially defined) sounds relatively harmless. In fact, it is larger and potentially far more sinister, its influence more widespread, and the implications of its work ultimately more threatening to civil liberty and world peace, than all the other agencies put together. It deserves the closest scrutiny by the public, yet it resists this with all its might.

Signals intelligence is not a new idea. It is founded, after all, on the ancient and dishonourable tradition of governments reading other people's mail. GCHQ's direct roots go back at least as far as the Foreign Office 'black chambers' of the 1920s, but well before that, code breakers and monitors of communications had become deeply imbued with the idea that their work must be kept secret at all costs. Secrecy remains a vital and integral part of GCHQ's work today. Every one of tens of thousands of military and civilian personnel working in Sigint is subject to intensive 'indoctrination' every time they move to a new post. As they leave, they must be 'de-indoctrinated' and reminded of an obligation never to disclose any information whatsoever to 'anyone not currently indoctrinated'. At each stage, a long lecture is delivered on the importance of the work and the need for secrecy.

It was not until 1974 that a corner of the veil was lifted. After a lengthy battle with the authorities, Group Captain Winterbotham of MI6 (who was, ironically, one of the early protagonists of 'indoctrination') managed to publish his memoirs of wartime codebreaking in a book called *The Ultra Secret*. Winterbotham was no whistle blower; he merely believed that such a glorious episode in the nation's history (and one which shed a fine light upon himself) should not go unrecorded. Once he had broken the ice, a gaggle of wartime practitioners emerged from the wings to tell their stories. From private research, and from these books and others published abroad, it is possible to piece together a picture of Sigint operations which is not only highly alarming, but also a great deal more detailed than those involved would like it to be.

GCHQ is a partner in a multinational 'Sig-



int pact', whose task is to monitor the entire globe. The basic instrument of unity is an agreement signed between the United States and the UK in 1947 (known as the UKUSA pact), which Canada, Australia, and New Zealand later joined. The pact is hierarchical: at the top is the US National Security Agency (NSA), which has its headquarters at Fort George C. Meade in Maryland. GCHQ has the status of a senior partner, while Canada, Australia and New Zealand are 'second parties'. 'Third parties' include the NATO allies, notably Germany and Norway. France and Sweden are also participants and links have existed with Finland, South Africa and Brazil, among others.

Each of the main participants – NSA, GCHQ, Australia's Defence Signals Division (DSD) and Canada's Communications Branch of the National Research Council (CEBRC) – is in charge of Sigint activities in a given region. GCHQ's territory is Africa and Europe east of the Ural mountains. Technical liaison between the participants is, of necessity, close and well integrated. They share procedures for identifying and labelling signals and have a unified communications network. Voluminous 'International Regulations on Sigint' – IRSIG for short – prescribe security procedures, including indoctrination, to which participating governments must agree. They share, too, outlandish codewords such as VIPAR, TRINE, or UMBRA, which must always designate Top Secret Sigint material. Everything that is intercepted is sent to Fort Meade, and generally also to Cheltenham as well as to other concerned stations around the world.

THE SCALE OF INTERNATIONAL communications has increased enormously over the last 30 years and the Sigint agencies have swollen to a corresponding size. NSA employs more than 120,000 people in different parts of the world. The size of GCHQ is – of course – supposed to be a secret, but it is possible to estimate the scale of operations by looking at the better-known bases. The two office blocks in Cheltenham have ample room for between four and five thousand employees. One thousand personnel or more are employed in each of the major monitoring bases, army centres in Cyprus and West Germany, RAF units in Lincolnshire and West Berlin, and civilian units in Staffordshire, Devon, Cornwall and Hong Kong. Then there are smaller units scattered around Britain and in Malta, Mauritius, Turkey, Iran, Ascension Island and Australia, with further detachments elsewhere. So the total number of GCHQ staff may be more than 20,000.

Another indicator of its size is that, while GCHQ is listed rather modestly as the 'Signals Department' of the Foreign Office, its director is a Deputy Secretary and it has five or six Under Secretaries. The entire remaining Foreign Office establishment is not many times larger.

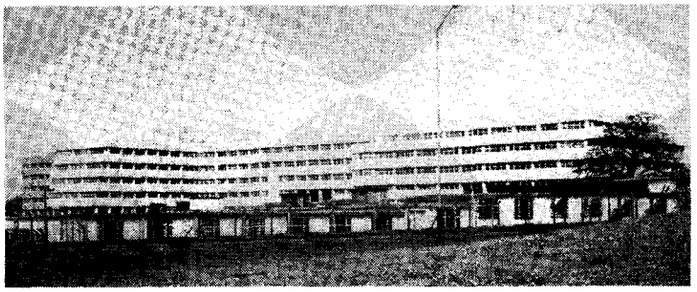
Although nominally responsible to the Foreign Secretary, GCHQ's actual lines of command may fall somewhere between the Cabinet Office (where a Co-ordinator of Intelligence and Security looks after the work of all secret agencies) and Fort Meade. Chapman Pincher's recent comment is probably accurate:

> Dependence is so great (of GCHQ upon NSA) and co-operation so close that I am convinced security chiefs would go to any lengths to protect the link-up . . .'

NSA has four major independent establishments in Britain: Chicksands, Bedfordshire, Edzell, Scotland (radio monitoring), Menwith Hill, Harrogate (satellites and communications) and Brawdy, Wales (underwater submarine detection). Their activities are similarly shrouded in secrecy.

SIGINT WORK INVOLVES a great deal more than interception of telecommunications from bases on the ground. 'Provocative' missions into foreign air and sea space are a regular feature. Since 1945, more than 70 US aircraft have been destroyed on missions of this kind – and ship casualties have been high, too. The Tonkin Gulf incident, which the US used to justify the Vietnam war, was the result of an intrusion by the USS *Maddox*, engaged on work for NSA. When the USS *Liberty* was attacked by the Israelis off Gaza in 1967, it had been trying to monitor Israeli communications during the Six-Day War: more than 40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Left: GCHQ's crest bombastically gives the game away. Its title, signals flashes symbolising Sigint, and the accolade of a laurel wreath, surround the globe. Right: one of the two large Cheltenham offices housing the largest intelligence organisation in Britain.

seamen and NSA personnel were killed and the ship was very nearly sunk. The most recent incident of this kind was the capture, intact, of the USS *Pueblo* while it was spying off the North Korean coast. And in addition, US nuclear submarines have several times collided with Soviet ships while engaged in the extraordinary 'Project Holystone', spying in Soviet waters, even going as far as the entrance to Vladivostock harbour.

Britain has had its share of such international mischief. Two undergraduates were put on trial under the Official Secrets Act in 1958 for revealing details of espionage work in the Baltic and on one occasion as far afield as Leningrad, by British aircraft and small ships, often operating under the Swedish flag. Two RAF aircraft were reported lost on a 'provocative' mission over the Caspian Sea in the early 1960s. Nowadays, two enormously expensive, specially equipped Nimrod aircraft are sent from their base in East Anglia on regular monitoring flights along the east European border. Large trawlers which spend long periods in northern waters sometimes carry naval staff equipped with interception receivers. Trawlers such as the *Gaul*, which was mysteriously lost in the Norwegian Sea three years ago, may do this work.

ALTHOUGH IT IS PIOUSLY DENIED, spying on allies is an accepted rule in the Sigint game. For example, ex-employees of NSA at Chicksands have reported that the base monitors French diplomatic traffic. They have also alleged that it monitors British government and commercial communications – and similar allegations have been made in Parliament. British bases in Germany and Cyprus monitor NATO allies. During the early stages of negotiations to join the Common Market, GCHQ was reportedly required to decipher a considerable amount of diplomatic traffic passing between our prospective European partners, and for this purpose it drew heavily on NSA's resources. At the time of the Suez crisis, the Americans intercepted diplomatic and military telegrams of the British and French governments and used the information to frustrate their strategies. This caused so much antagonism – and the only known rift in the Sigint pact – that in 1957 the prominent US cryptographer William Friedman was sent on an NSA special mission to GCHQ to restore relations and study advances in cryptography that had been made in Britain, Sweden and Switzerland. (Two years ago, NSA fought to prevent publication of details of Friedman's trip, on the grounds that it might deprive NSA of its ability to read the coded messages of all NATO countries.)

Sigint has also turned its attention to individual citizens. In 1975 the Church Committee of the US Senate uncovered NSA programmes to intercept the international telephone and telex messages of targeted American citizens. These programmes, known as SHAMROCK and MINARET, included the interception of all telephone and telegraph traffic to or from the United States. Other intelligence agencies provided 'watch lists' to NSA. By 1974 there were extensive files on 75,000 people, and Bob Woodward (of Watergate fame) revealed in the *Washington Post* in 1975 that NSA had intercepted the messages of such anti-war dissidents as Jane Fonda and Benjamin Spock.

GCHQ has its own version of SHAMROCK and MINARET. The famous 'D-Notice Affair' of 1967 centred on the (relatively trivial) revelation that all overseas Post Office telegrams were collected and read by security officials. Only two years ago, the president of Western Union International told the US senate that the British government had demanded copies of all overseas telegrams handled by the company since 1945. Interception of most UK overseas telephone traffic is rumoured to be carried out not by GCHQ, but by NSA at its Menwith Hill site near Harrogate – and technical evidence, namely that the area has the greatest concentration in Britain of microwave radio links carrying UK telephone traffic, supports this suggestion. A station of the Composite Signals Organisation (the civilian monitoring agency run by GCHQ) is located congenially in Earls Court, and monitors radio and telephone traffic in the London area, including, presumably, foreign embassies.

Operations of this kind are mainly illegal. Interception of diplomatic communications, of whatever kind, is contrary to British and international law – and in particular, it contravenes the Diplomatic Privileges Act of 1964, which ratified the Vienna Convention on Diplomatic Relations. The International Telecommunications Convention, ratified by the British government, places a general duty on signatories to preserve the secrecy of international communications (although it allows a little leeway). Trainees for GCHQ are left in no doubt about this point, and are instructed that the technical illegality is an important reason why the public should not know of their work.

THE SECRECY which surrounds the work of GCHQ and other Sigint agencies affords considerable power to those who control it. In particular, they have propagated an alternative, secret, version of history, known only to a privileged and powerful few, which cannot easily be challenged by anyone else. After the Second World War, it was determined that no access to so-called 'special intelligence' material should be permitted to official historians, and that such chronicling as was necessary would be undertaken by 'indoctrinated personnel'. A 'concordat' to this effect was apparently signed between the British cabinet and President Truman in 1946 – the harbinger of more extensive agreements extant today.

For 30 years, then, there existed in the minds of the indoctrinated a version of history which looked very different from that officially described. The practitioners of the secret world were able to present those in government with an unchallengeable account of how intelligence in general and Sigint in particular had played an essential part in winning the war and would continue to be indispensable in the future. This singular world view only started to open up with the publication of Winterbotham's book. *The Ultra Secret*. Since then, independent historians have begun to examine the achievements of The Government Code and Cypher School at Bletchley, and have come to the conclusion that, despite claims to the contrary, it did not singlehandedly win World War Two. At certain critical moments (such as the Battle of the Atlantic and the Battle of Britain), intelligence was irregular or unavailable – or even unusable because of a lack of defensive resources. For at least half the war, poor British codes and cyphers probably gave away as much as was gained. Even the mathematical achievements in codebreaking and intelligence are now being researched by independent historians, and may eventually seem mundane, rather than the work of genius.

To preserve the co-operation of govern-

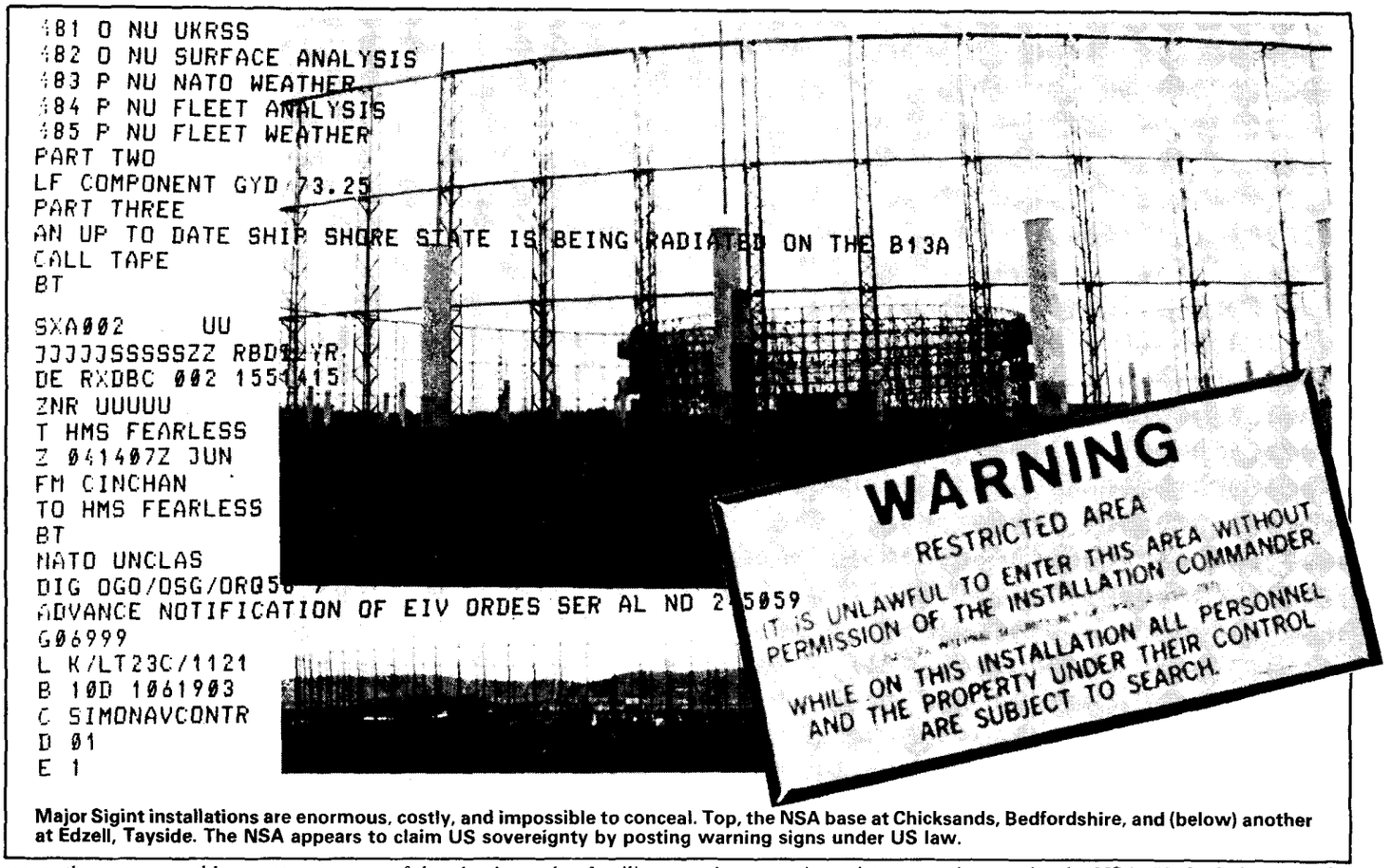
This Ad Carries A Health Warning

... Sun pouring down ...blue water lapping on a gentle shore, it's enough to give anyone a touch of the fevered brows. To make matters even worse, SPETSE Holidays Limited, that hideously happy lot, have concocted better accommodation and more amenities on the Greek Islands of Spetse, Poros and Porto Heli, just on the mainland. And if this wasn't enough the price for all this frivolity is fiendishly low. Tumbling thermometers! Is there no way to stop people enjoying themselves? Read the new '79 Brochure and find out how. But remember the risk.

SPETSE HOLIDAYS LTD
9 Brunswick Centre, London WC1
Tel. 01-837 2416 (24 hours)
Agents for ATOL 230B

Spetse Holidays Ltd

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Major Sigint installations are enormous, costly, and impossible to conceal. Top, the NSA base at Chicksands, Bedfordshire, and (below) another at Edzell, Tayside. The NSA appears to claim US sovereignty by posting warning signs under US law.

ment, the secret world operates a successful carrot-and-stick strategy. The carrot is admission to a very exclusive club where members are allowed to know about top secret matters which, because they are known only inside the charmed circle, appear to be highly significant. The stick is the carefully cultivated fear that the national interest would be threatened if the strictest secrecy were not maintained.

It is easy to see how effectively this cult of secrecy serves the interests of GCHQ and its allies. Members of Parliament and even junior ministers in defence and the Foreign Office are excluded from the club; if they ask awkward questions, they are told it would not be 'in the national interest' for them to have the answers. Advisers to one major government department which could usefully use Sigint information on commodity prices, have said that 'none of that kind of information ever reaches us'. According to Chapman Pincher, Jim Callaghan is sent 'important intercepts by GCHQ . . . daily in oblong yellow boxes'. But even he, says Pincher, is 'treated on a "need to know" basis'. GCHQ, not the Prime Minister, decides which bits of information he gets. Richard Hall explains in his book on GCHQ's Australian partner, *The Secret State*, that a common Sigint tactic is to keep ministers happy by feeding them with distracting low grade information. When Sigint finds a 'diplomatic titbit with the minister's name in it' says Hall, 'these are almost always pushed forward'.

FOREIGN POLICY is often shaped, secretly, by Sigint. GCHQ's close links with the NSA are a major ingredient in the cement which seals Britain's dependent alliance with the United States. The NSA, in turn, can secretly shape US foreign policy. For example, it purchased the right to maintain two enormous bases in Ethiopia by sending millions of dollars' worth of military and economic assistance to Haile Selassie. The US Congress remained unaware that the bases existed or that the payments had been made. Similar arrangements were made for setting up three stations in Morocco. When Allende came to power in Chile, the NSA rapidly had to dismantle a major installation on Easter Island – which must have been an important spur to the decision to 'destabilise' the new Socialist government. The network of surveillance bases in Turkey, monitoring the Soviet Union, has for a long time been a key factor in US-Turkish relations: at one stage it forced the US to withdraw the pressure on the Turkish government to clamp down on heroin production.

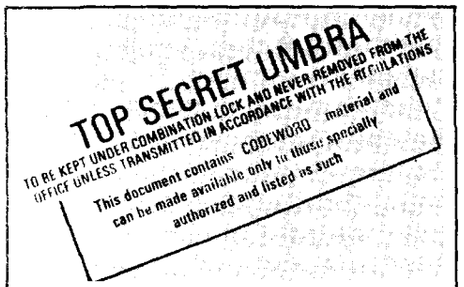
Britain has similar secret commitments. Foreign policy towards Cyprus has been determined largely by the fact that it is the site of major Sigint and other surveillance activity. A GCHQ station in Iran – recently said to be closing – has been run in co-operation with the notorious Iranian secret police, Savak, and its existence has been a secret factor determining Britain's attitude to developments in Iran. According to openly available circulars, GCHQ employees were working regularly in South Africa at least as recently as 1970. Britain has a major interest in one of the Turkish stations, Sinop, on the Baltic Sea: four British technicians working there for GCHQ, or under the commercial cover of Cable and Wireless Ltd, were killed in a terrorist attack in 1972.

By monopolising information, Sigint agencies have made it virtually impossible for governments to control them. One episode which illustrates this with frightening clarity is the sacking of Gough Whitlam, the Australian Prime Minister. Whitlam had made himself very unpopular with the intelligence community by asking questions about Pine Gap, a station run by the NSA. He had also caused a secret base in Singapore to be closed by identifying it publicly; and his Attorney General had led a raid by armed police to recover information being witheld from the government by the Australian Secret Intelligence Organisation (Australia's MI5). In the end, the CIA sent a telegram to Australian intelligence which declared that if 'this problem' could not be 'solved', it could not 'see how our mutually beneficial relationships are going to continue'. The problem was promptly solved when the Governor General suddenly chose to relieve Whitlam of his post.

It is difficult for obvious reasons to find out whether similar battles are waged behind Whitehall's lace curtains. We know, at least, about the bugging of Harold Wilson's offices at Downing Street and in the House of Commons. This was done not by MI5 but by a special electronics unit run by GCHQ, according to Chapman Pincher. Callaghan denied the allegation, but of course the first credential of any such undercover activity is that it can be denied at the highest level. GCHQ is responsible for providing the Prime Minister with secure communications and for protecting him from bugging by the 'enemy': it therefore has perfect access, should it want to do any monitoring itself. When Callaghan made his denial, his brief was prepared by the then co-ordinator of intelligence in the Cabinet Office, Sir Leonard Hooper. Sir Leonard is a former director of GCHQ, where he had worked for 32 years.

NOT ONLY HAS SIGINT phenomenally increased the extent of its activities since the war; it has also changed in character. Its priorities have shifted away from urgently needed military intelligence and technological innovations have made some tasks impossible. For instance, the major codes of the Soviet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


TOP SECRET UMBRA
TO BE KEPT UNDER COMBINATION LOCK AND NEVER REMOVED FROM THE OFFICE UNLESS TRANSMITTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REGULATIONS
This document contains CODEWORD material and can be made available only to those specially authorized and listed as such

Umbra. UMBRA is the latest of a series of top secret codewords restricting Sigint to those with a 'need to know'. The first was, of course, 'ULTRA'.

Union are now, like those of the US and the UK, largely uncrackable and even analysis of traffic levels (the varying volume of communications) can be unrevealing. Former CIA director William Colby admitted to the Church Committee that most of NSA's major successes have been obtained not by diligent technical breakthroughs, but by the theft of codebooks and 'keys' from embassies around the world: the same is presumably true of GCHQ.

The sheer volume of information can inhibit Sigint's effectiveness, as the Pike Committee of the US House of Representatives recognised in January 1976. Commenting on the failure of the intelligence community to predict the 1975 Middle East war, the Committee said: 'NSA intercepts of Egyptian-Syrian war preparations were so voluminous – hundreds of reports each week – that few analysts had time to digest more than a small portion. Costly intercepts had scant impact on intelligence estimates.' Some of the more highly classified material took so long to be distributed that the war had broken out before the relevant messages were read. Similar difficulties have attended other events in the Middle East and Eastern Mediterranean.

Amid mounting technical obstacles, Sigint has shifted its aim towards weaker targets: third world governments, dissident civilian nationals, economic intelligence and low grade communications from the major powers. In *The Secret State*, Richard Hall reproduced a 1975 Sigint report on world oil prices: it was portentously marked with the required international designations (CODEWORD material . . . TOP SECRET UMBRA), but the information it contained could easily have been lifted from the pages of the *Financial Times*.

THE COST OF SIGINT is enormous. GCHQ's total annual budget must at least be near £200m – which makes public accountability imperative. For example, surely the taxpayer has a right to know why GCHQ maintains a costly post in Hong Kong. What is its importance to current British strategy? Does it bring in useful exchange commodities from the United States? If so, what are these, and what exactly does the small print of the deal say? Is this the best way to allocate scarce resources? If £200m is committed to defence, would it perhaps be better spent – at least in part – on tanks or front line aircraft?

In view of the enormous budget, there is also a case for concern about commercial companies' involvement with GCHQ. Racal enjoys a particularly favoured relationship amongst communications manufacturers. Large orders for a basic Sigint surveillance receiver, the Racal RA17, were placed in the late 1950s at a critical time in the company's development. It now has a special subsidiary making surveillance equipment for GCHQ and its managers and salesmen include former GCHQ and MoD civil servants.

The secret world maintains that it cannot make itself in any way publicly accountable because that would threaten the 'national interest'. But details of the Sigint pact have been well known internationally since 1960. That was the year in which two NSA defectors revealed at a Moscow press conference a full account of GCHQ-NSA link up and its ramifications. For good measure, they produced a list of some of the 40 countries whose codes NSA was then successfully cracking. Some changed their codes as a result, but many did not – perhaps because they felt they had too much invested in the current code, or because they took the view that nothing was hurt except their pride as long as only the major powers were reading their messages, not their neighbours.

GCHQ has had its own defectors, but has kept silent about them. There have been at least two. An intelligence Corps corporal working in Sigint at the 13th Signals Regiment in West Berlin crossed the Berlin wall in July 1963 and stayed in East Germany; and in September 1968, a Chief Technician working at the RAF Sigint centre in Digby, Lincolnshire was arrested after passing secret information to Soviet agents. One of his offences for which he is still in prison – was revealing that GCHQ had followed Soviet radio call signs for more than 20 years, using captured wartime documents.

THE SIGINT COMMUNITY clings to secrecy because its power depends upon it. The arguments it uses in self justification were well aired at the Official Secrets trial: allies must be spied upon because one day they might become enemies; countries which seem remote now must nevertheless be monitored because they might one day become part of a larger conflict; information about signals intelligence and cryptography must be tightly restricted so as not to alert targets to the dangers of interception; true, some countries know they are being monitored, but it is essential they should not know the level of sophistication of the monitoring.

The fundamental effect of this policy is to inhibit any scientific advance which is not directly controlled by the indoctrinated. They are threatened at present by two developments: by the introduction of microelectronics which can make even inexpensive cyphering systems uncrackable except through disproportionate effort; and by a new form of cypher system which removes the need for secret distribution of code 'keys', thus opening the door to much wider public use of secret communication. Even in the early days, NSA and GCHQ were determined to classify and restrict information which had previously been available, in order to establish a monopoly. Today, NSA and its partners are fighting a furious battle to control the blossoming public interest in cryptography. They have attempted to stop publication of scientific papers by independent researchers; they have tried to interfere in the allocation of grants. NSA has succeeded in having the first US publicly standardised cryptographic system adjusted to its specification – which probably means it can now crack it. Both NSA and GCHQ prohibit the export of cryptographic equipment unless the manufacturer hands over complete plans.

The UKUSA pact, with its goal of WASP global surveillance seems in retrospect to reflect a postwar design for US hegemony that the US itself may no longer believe in. Yet Sigint has maintained that goal and protected it from changing public opinion. Why? In the course of his investigations in the US Congress, Frank Church commented that NSA's technology 'at any time could be turned around on the American people . . . the capacity is there to make tyranny total'. If that is the direction in which NSA is heading, its Cheltenham poodles cannot be far behind.

"I, ... , declare myself bored stiff with the usual run of package holidays. Aren't other people as capable of exploring a Mayan city as they are of appreciating the Guggenheim collection? Now I want to hear more about this new **British Airways World Arts and Adventure Club.** It's going to bring people like me together with other travellers and offer some really interesting expeditions at highly attractive rates. Trouble is I'm not really a 'club' person. But it does sound like a chance to get more from a holiday than just a suntan, doesn't it?"

Address . . . . . .

. . . . . .

Telephone No. . . . . .

N.STAT 2/2

World Arts and Adventure Club, British Airways West London Air Terminal, Cromwell Road, London SW7 4ED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A plan to rescue the economy

POLITICAL ECONOMY

WILFRED BECKERMAN on a combination of incomes policy and import controls

Professor Beckerman is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

CLEARLY SOMETHING HAS TO be done about the economy. It cannot be allowed to go on drifting into ever increasing unemployment – temporarily checked by the 1978 short-lived mini-consumer boom – whilst living on the knife-edge of a renewed burst of inflation. As with the periodic balance of payments crises of the 1950s and 1960s (until 1967), each crisis is now worse than the preceding one. If inflation begins to accelerate again soon, there is much less chance that the unions will accept – or be able to enforce on their members – the same strict incomes policy that they swallowed after the big fright of summer 1975 when the annual inflation rate was approaching 40 per cent. All we are promised – by the Home Secretary – if the current spate of wage claims spreads and accelerates is some Lear-like threat that the government '...will do such things – what they are, yet I know not; but they shall be the terrors of the earth'. Presumably what he has in mind is some further increase in unemployment.

No radically new economic programmes have emerged from any political party for getting Britain out of the present rut, or for avoiding a worse one as the stagnation of output, and hence productivity, makes us more and more vulnerable to the changes that are taking place in the competitiveness and technical advance of other countries, including the newly industrialising countries. Not only does this stagnation threaten ever increasing unemployment as the labour force rises by about 2 million over the next decade or so, it also probably adds to inflationary pressure in many ways. One of these is that individual workers are more reluctant to try to raise their real wages by voluntarily quitting their jobs and trying their luck on the labour market, so that, instead, they do so by putting greater pressure on their existing employers for higher wages.

The paucity of new ideas *may* mean that Ministers just hope that it will all come out alright in the end, or, if we are heading for disaster, we will get there after they have left office anyway. The government obviously has a vested interest in playing down the magnitude of our economic predicament, since it has been in office for most of the last 14 years. And the opposition is equally forced to give the impression that the country's economic problems can be solved by a little more monetary restraint, accompanied perhaps by a few cheap gestures, such as cutting off social security payments to strikers, or a return to Mr Heath's type of confrontation with the unions.

Of course, it is just possible that we *will* muddle through. But in view of the catastrophic consequences of failure, can a rational gambler take this sort of risk? Some experts predict, on very plausible grounds, that unemployment will only be prevented from reaching the 3 to 4 million mark in a few years by developments such as more emigration, early retirement, job sharing, and so on. By that time, of course, the inflationary pressures could also have become far worse. The effects of this combination of events on the political and social structure in this country hardly bear thinking about, which is perhaps why few people seem to be thinking about it, or, if they do think about it, then, as was once said of President Coolidge, they must have cut the umbilical cord between thought and speech.

As long as there is a genuine risk – even if well below 100 per cent certainty – of such an outcome, every effort must be made to work out radical alternative policies as quickly as possible. And here I want to propose that serious consideration be given to a package of such policies. The main proposals I shall make are not new and are not mine. I am only responsible for the package, including one or two minor frills.

There are three parts to the package, of which the first two are by far the most important. The three parts comprise, first, import controls, secondly, a 'tax-based incomes policy' (known in the trade as a TIP), and, thirdly, a reduction in indirect taxes. The first two deserve consideration by themselves but, as I shall argue, would be more effective in combination, particularly if backed up by the third.

The import control proposal has been best developed by Wynne Godley and some of his colleagues at Cambridge. They first put it forward a few years ago and, at the time, I wrote an article in the NEW STATESMAN (15 October 1976) criticising it. I was wrong. I was wrong partly because the underlying situation then, dominated by the short-term effects of the 1973/74 oil crisis, did not seem so chronically bad as it does to-day; partly because the Cambridge proposals were not so well worked out then; and partly because I was just plain wrong.

IN A RECENT ADDRESS to the Economics Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science (the proceedings of which will be published later this year) Mr Godley set out the clearest exposition of the case for import controls that I have yet heard, and I was completely converted. Amongst the points that he now makes, the following are vital.

First, instead of creeping, undercover, import controls of the type that are now being practised (such as pressure on the Japanese to restrict car exports to Britain) and which – as the critics of import controls have always rightly argued – only aggravate the relative inefficiency of British industry by selectively propping up the worst sectors, he would introduce a *wholly non-discriminatory* form of import restrictions. This could take the form of a higher tariff, or a system by which import quotas were auctioned. Secondly, taxes would be reduced in order to stimulate demand enough to ensure '... that the total volume of imports is as high as it otherwise would have been'.

In other words, the balance of payments will not be made better; the share of imports in total output will be cut but total output will be higher and hence unemployment lower. As a result our trading partners will be no worse off taken as a whole. Indeed, since the share of manufactures in our total imports is likely to fall slightly whilst our imports of raw materials are likely to rise, exports from the LDCs (less developed countries) will rise. And – and this is important – these are precisely the countries (apart from the oil exporters) whose imports are also constrained by their balance of payments, so that insofar as their exports rise by roughly the same amounts. Hence, manufacturing countries that sell less to us can make up sales elsewhere. The net effect should be to raise, not diminish, world trade and output.

Mr Godley also provides a convincing refutation of the usual arguments against import controls, and it would take too long to do more than hint at two of three of them here. For example, the argument that it would be inflationary is refuted on the grounds that (a) it would be less inflationary than would the fall in the exchange rate that would be needed to reconcile balance of payments equilibrium with higher employment (assuming such a rate can be found) – though the details of this refutation are not yet clear, and (b) by comparison with chronic stagnation, the prescribed boost in domestic demand would be anti-inflationary, a view that is quite the reverse of some schools of thought, of course, but one that, in the particular context in question, seems valid. And this last point would have greater weight if, as I am advocating anyway, the boost in demand is achieved partly by a cut in indirect taxes.

As for the argument that import restrictions would featherbed inefficiency, Mr Godley points out that this does not apply insofar as the controls are non-discriminatory; instead we would featherbed British industry in general (as does a devaluation) and the relatively more inefficient sections of it would still go to the wall. Finally, as for the argument that it would contravene International Agreements, well, so much the worse for the International Agreements. As Mr Godley put it: '...these agreements were made to improve our prosperity not to force us to commit suicide'.

The second leg of the policy, the tax-based incomes policy, is more complicated and its effects more debatable. But we can hardly lose anything now by trying to work out some reasonably operational form of it. It is not a new idea, having been circulating in the USA for some time and has recently been given a thorough airing at a Brookings Institution conference where it was subjected to tough scrutiny by several of the most eminent applied economists in the USA, many of whom have also had considerable experience in government (1). On the whole, subject to various reservations, it emerged with general approval, as much for its economic logic as for the administrative feasibility of certain variants of the scheme (though at some administrative cost).

Of course, this does not prove that it is a good idea, or that what might be a good idea

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the USA would be good here, with a much greater public sector and many more multi-union firms. But it does prove that it should be seriously considered.

The basic idea is that wage increases, in individual firms, above a certain overall target rate set by the authorities, would be followed by increases in the rate of company tax and/or increases in the rate of income tax on the employees — in both cases in the firms granting the excessive increase. A symmetrical system could be applied, according to which wage increases below the target level could lead to a reduction in tax rates on the firms and/or the employees in question.

THE THEORY IS THAT the resistance of management to any given wage increase demanded by their workers will be greater and, in addition, the pushfulness of unions for any given increase will diminish since they know that it will inflict higher taxes on themselves and because they know that it would reduce their firms' post-tax profits. The outcome, which is seen as the resultant of these two opposing forces, should then be a lower rate of wage increase than would otherwise have been the case.

Various combinations of TIP can be envisaged; it can be applied to company taxes only, or to employers' taxes only, and in each case it could take the form of either just a tax increase on excess wage increases or a tax reduction for below-target increases, or various combinations of all these possibilities. There are many obvious problems that arise with any such system, even if one accepts rough justice and does not seek perfection. One of these is the danger that it would not greatly increase firms' resistance to wage demands, since even if their rate of company tax were raised they could simply recoup this by raising prices enough to achieve corresponding increases in gross profits. But the scope for doing this must be rather limited.

For example, suppose company tax is 50 per cent, and the tax rate is to be increased by 5 points for every 1 per cent by which wage increases exceed the target, and suppose that the firm in question exceeds the target by 2 per cent. Its rate of company tax will rise to 60 per cent, so that its ratio of net to gross profit has fallen from 50 per cent to 40 per cent. Hence, if its absolute amount of net profit is to remain the same its gross profit must rise by the ratio of 50:40 – i.e. by 25 per cent. If there are lots of companies that could have raised their gross profits by 25 per cent whenever they felt like it and are not doing so already, then British industry is in an even worse state than is generally realised and we might as well just commit suicide straight away.

In any case, although the American experts seem to take it for granted, more or less, that price controls should be ruled out, here in Britain we have one advantage over the USA in the form of some price control machinery that is reasonably operational and that could be extended.

Of course, even this might not be enough to allay the trade union fears that the system could lead to a cut in their real wages – wage increases being effectively reduced but price increases being even greater, at least in the short run. This threat could be met by the extension of price controls and by some form of net real income guarantee, taking the form, say, of reductions in direct taxes or employees' national insurance contributions, in the event that the ratio of prices to wages rose enough to bring about a fall in real wages in spite of the other measures in the package. Such measures would be necessary, anyway, to achieve the overall expansion of demand implied in the Godley proposal.

Another problem, which applies much less to the USA economy of course, is the public sector. There would be little point in threatening British Rail with higher company taxes if they exceed the national target wage increase. But this is not an insuperable objection. In the first place, most of the difficulty in the public sector is caused by attempts by employees therein to maintain their customary real income position in the face of inflation in the private sector over which the government has had little control. Agreement would have to be reached on relativities between the public sector and corresponding occupations elsewhere. Secondly, the employee tax rebate variant might be reserved for the public sector.

Finally, as indicated above, the reflationary action needed to restore full employment should be concentrated on cuts in indirect taxes. First, as well as raising real incomes and demand, they also have a direct impact on the cost of living index, and insofar as many of us believe that cost-inflation is far more important than demand inflation, the net effect on inflation is beneficial. Secondly, indirect taxes are generally unpopular with labour, since they are seen as being more regressive than direct taxes over a wide band of incomes. Thirdly, as indicated above, they would help ensure that the TIP did not lead to a worsening of the ratio of wages to prices.

POLITICALLY THE PACKAGE contains some attractive features. First, the import restrictions and associated expansionary policy mean more jobs. Secondly, the incomes policy component of the package provides a method by which an incomes policy can be operated without in any way depriving trade union leaders of their treasured role of bargaining and negotiating. It is this threat to their *raison d'etre* which has bedevilled any attempt – or even suggestion – that the British wage negotiation machinery should be reorganised along, say, Scandinavian lines or, in some way or other, be replaced by some central body with real authority to vet individual claims. The advantage of the TIP is that unions can still bargain individually as much as they like. All that has changed is the relationship between the outcome of the bargains and their final net income (and that of the firm).The game has not been basically changed – unions can still strike if they wish – it is just that the stakes have changed in such a way that the rational strategy for employees and employers is likely to lead to a different outcome.

There is no doubt that many union leaders are as appalled and frightened by the prospect of a renewed free-for-all on the wage front as is the general public. Sidney Weighell recently stated that '. . .not only are we in danger of economic catastrophe but there is a very real danger of social breakdown worse than that which led to the rise of fascism and Nazism. Those who now clamour for free-for-all in pay are subscribing to the wholly discredited and disgraceful theory that "might is right". Earlier, Tom Jackson, the chairman of the TUC, said that 'Trade Unionism . . . was . . . not about the weakest going to the wall, not about mad scrambling to get as much as they could, whenever they could . . .'

But the unions leaders are, of course, prisoners of the present wage negotiation machinery in this country. As long as everybody expects other wages to rise rapidly no union can be expected to be the one that voluntarily sets an example to the rest of the country by accepting a lower increase, though the weakest unions (particularly University teachers, or postmen) are often forced to be the sacrificial lambs. At the same time, most union leaders refuse to countenance any basic change in the system in the direction of genuine reductions in their autonomy. The TIP gets round this, and, together with the other parts of the package, should constitute the nucleus of a feasible, effective, socialist policy for survival and even, in due course, prosperity.

So what are we waiting for? The Inland Revenue will say that they need 15 years to work out a scheme, and the other civil servants will say that 'It is not on' since it would take them five years to work out an acceptable plan. The government should compromise at six months. Most of the other important matters that take up the time of officials should be dropped. After all, if the country loses the war against inflation and rising unemployment, none of them will have been of the slightest importance anyway. If Ministers just instructed a large number of very clever civil servants to stop spending their time on discussions of farm policy in the EEC, or on our 'industrial strategy', or the reform of the earnings rule for pensioners, or another refinement of the Treasury's short-term forecasting model, and concentrate on what are now the two vital issues for Britain's survival, I'm sure they would come up with something. In effect, we have to go to war against inflation and mass unemployment even if both major political parties prefer to disguise the fact. By comparison, as in any war for survival, everything else is a waste of time.

[redacted] ropriate. But we are not yet in such a situation. Hence the case for import controls must still depend on whether they are a less painful means of restoring economic balance than the policies currently being followed.

Camera Press

Beckerman (left) now accepts the argument of Wynne Godley (right) which he formerly rejected (NS 16 October 1976).

(1) Slightly similar proposals also figured in a Liberal Party manifesto a few years ago, but, of course, the Liberal Party could hardly subscribe to the import control part of the package proposed above. The TIP has also been discussed in an academic article by Kotowitz and Fortes in *The Journal of Public Economics*, 1974, but it differs greatly from the so-called Elkan scheme that has been written about by Malcolm Crawford in the *Sunday Times* in 1972, and by Maurice Scott in the *Banker* in 1974.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ Immigrants to this country fall into two rough stereotypes – the stroppy, non-integrated kind, brooding over ethnic curries in Bradford, and the more-British-than-thou variety. Freddy Fisher, editor of the *Financial Times* (in many ways an excellent newspaper), is firmly in the latter camp. The Dr Strangelove of Fleet Street, even down to the Kissinger accent, his aspirations to acceptance are such that he was driven recently to apologise for a story about the *Sunday Times*, lifted (and garbled) from the NEW STATESMAN. Not content with public retraction of stories not his own, he has now gone on to reinforce his position *vis à vis* the unhappy Times Newspapers Ltd. A distinguished labour correspondent of the *FT* submitted a fairly long piece about the possibility of a *Times* workers' co-operative, an option now being investigated by Robert Oakshott, a former *FT* man now dedicated to radical chic. The article was already set when it was returned to the author with just one comment from Fisher: 'KILL'. It ended up as a small, mildly ironic piece in the *FT*'s gossip column.

☐ I became aware of the Right-wing backlash only last November when my best friend sported an Iron Cross on Armistice Day. He felt sorry for the Nazis, he explained. Since then things have gone from Baader-Meinhof to worse. At dinner-parties, young men attempt a wasp-waist in SS uniform and boast of enjoying the *Spectator*. So acceptable is Genghian that people actually believe National Front apologists who claim that they are not so much anti-Semitic as Anti-Zionist, with all that it implies in the way of Wall Street/Moscow conspiracies and so on.

However, there is hope for those whose jealous guarding of their minority appeal is threatened by fashionable acceptance: the East Hertfordshire branch of the National Front is still with us. 'Dear Sir/Madam,' it wrote to the British Pregnancy Advisory Service, a body whose charitable status is now threatened because of its alleged political motivation. 'Over recent months it has come to our notice that you have shown support for the "Anti-Nazi League", or that you may well sympathise with their cause. You will find enclosed a copy of the recently-published *Lifting the Lid off the Anti-Nazi League*. We hope that after reading this booklet you will realise that the real aims of those who control it are not in keeping with your own reasons for supporting them.'

All very bland until the postscript, handwritten in tortured italic. 'PS I note from your letter in the *Lea Valley Mercury* that you believe that "the destruction of a foetus is not the same thing as the destruction of a person". To compare, as you do, the life of a human being with that of a tree surely indicated the murky depths to which your line of reasoning has taken you.' In a final fury of un-Xeroxed rage, East Herts ended up: 'Perhaps the initials BPAS would be better suited to the title: BUTCHERS OF PRICELESS ARYAN SOULS.' Whatever would Martin Webster say?

☐ The socialist system (heating department) is not all that hot. Following my recent discussion about the lack of game larders and pheasant-plucking facilities in Peterborough Development Corporation's new townships, I have had complaints from local residents. The problem lies, it appears, in the tendency of hot water to get cold. Equitably though they may plan, heating engineers have been unable to deal with tropical heat at one end of the pipeline and Siberian cold at the other. During the Big Freeze, remonstrations merely brought a letter from the P.D.C. chief engineer. Central heating in the new townships, he explained patiently, would work efficiently only during summer, and mild winter. Cold weather imposed an intolerable burden on the system, and he urged all householders, on the principle of 'each according to his need', to think of others less fortunate than themselves. The appeal cut very little ice with the owners of private houses at the very end of the circuit, but the claim that socialism works was triumphantly vindicated.

Nearer home, all was not well with Camden Council, in the rows for paying electricians £700 or so a week. Despite this, the heating still does not work in Camden's prestigious Alexandra Road estate, an otherwise enviable ziggurat. 'Dear Tenant,' came the inevitable letter from the consultant engineer. 'We are sorry that a number of you in flats 4A-26M inclusive have cold hot water at the moment . . . We are working on this as fast as we can.' Meanwhile, a friend has given up coping with the philosophical concept of cold hot water and grows alfalfa in his bath instead.

☐ Not that Camden is without good intentions. On Wednesday it staged a 'Respect for Medicine Study Day' at University College Hospital. It did not surprise me too much that the average GP now prescribes drugs to the value of £15,000 a year, a figure that has doubled since 1970, making up 11.3 per cent of the annual NHS budget; nor that 100 aspirin prescribed by a doctor costs the NHS 44p, whereas the same amount purchased from a chemist sets you back a mere 14-16p. More worrying was the fact that three-quarters of the drugs now on the market came into being since our current crop of GPs qualified. Many doctors, apparently, are 'not very active', and don't bother to keep up with developments. Their ignorance is compounded by the government's failure to implement its promise to increase the number of clinical pharmacologists. Add to that the covert bribery practised by the drug companies, and it is not a pretty picture. Understandably uneasy about their testing procedures they have difficulty recruiting volunteers at £40 to £50 a time. Failing sufficient willing guinea-pigs, claimed Dr Ian James, senior lecturer in clinical pharmacology at the Royal Free, they offer GPs £15 or so a patient to test the drug for them. Perhaps the best compromise is to buy your own aspirin, take a large Scotch and re-read Ivan Illich.

☐ Leaving aside the poetic appeal of rods, poles and perches, I always knew it was a mistake to go metric. My prejudice is confirmed by an obstetrical correspondent. He discovered that his standard caesarean section instrument trays were arriving from the Central Sterile Supplies Department with only five of the six forceps to which he was accustomed. Questioning this, he was amazed to be told, 'But doctor, you know we've gone metric. Six is not a metric number.' His reply, didn't fit into pentameters either.

☐ With the *Times* crossword gone and Radio 4 polluted by schools broadcasts about Cromwell, where are Life's great certainties? The House of Lords did its best recently with a debate on UFOs. 'The human mind,' said the Earl of Kimberley, 'cannot begin to comprehend UFO characteristics: their propulsion, their sudden appearance, their disappearance, their great speeds, their silence, their manoeuvres, their apparent antigravity.' Lord Trefgarne, with 2,500 hours under his belt as a pilot, would have none of it. 'There are no fairies at the bottom of my garden,' he maintained. Lord Rankeillour disagreed. UFOs were potentially dangerous, giving off blinding light and crippling rays. 'They start forest fires, eradicate crops and cause great distress to animals. If the British population was aware of this, they could take precautions. I am not so sure. During the recent UFO scare, a friend was abruptly summoned to the bathroom, where his nine-year-old daughter complained of pulsar-like interference from outer space. Unwillingly donning gumboots and umbrella, he went out to investigate. There were few distressed animals, and not one eradicated crop. There was, however, snow on the skylight above the bath which, in conjunction with the hot water, had created a convincing UFO situation.

☐ I meant not to write about this week: but it is not every day that one makes a London harpsichord début at a large teaching hospital, with or without surgical gown. The omens could not be worse. The possessor of several clapped-out instruments, I eventually called in Alexander Skeaping, a harpsichordist and keyboard factotum of credit and renown. 'That Pleyel is disgusting,' he said, and sent me out for a brush to clean it. Meanwhile, he broke a string on the Goble, melted the dampers on the Pleyel and left the vacuum cleaner running so long it exploded. 'Don't worry, I'll fix it,' he said, short-circuiting the whole lighting system. The Sassmann harpsichord came next. but he failed to achieve major disaster. What about a piece of wood to cut the plectra on? 'What did God give us thumbnails for if not to cut leather on?' he replied, nearly severing a major artery. 'I think I'd better wash the dishes for you before I go. You look a little worried.' Fine, I said, dismissing the Wedgwood. Within half an hour he was back, having reversed his harpsichord van into someone else's. Perhaps, I hazarded, he might like to play the concert for me as well? 'I don't mind,' he said.

Ruth Hall

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The decision to use a German vehicle to transport horse manure to the Queen's mushroom sheds at Windsor was described by a British Leyland spokesman yesterday as 'inevitable'. – *Daily Telegraph* (A. Heigho)

☐ London Transport underground trains were seriously delayed by snow and ice and a similar situation is expected today. British Rail said: 'It's just as well there is a rail strike or else it would have been chaotic.' – *Guardian* (Margaret Hinton)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Eritrea: the suffering goes on

Sir, I was deeply encouraged by John Pilger's article 'Genocide Unobserved' (NS 12 January), I echo his questions;'Why is this international atrocity, which is an atrocity equal to many Biafras, of no apparent concern to anybody?'

I am an Australian nurse, and I have spent two years in Eritrea. I left the country three weeks ago after having spent the last month travelling with the EPLF with the sole purpose of gathering information about injury inflicted on civilians in the war which the Eritreans are now fighting, in effect, against the Russians. There is no humanitarian help from foreign sources of any significance. I witnessed what I can only describe as the Eritreans' 'breaking point', as they attempt to feed, clothe and nurse a fresh influx of 100,000 refugees since November.

I spoke to many of these people, of whom ninety per cent are women and children and whose villages have been razed or severely damaged by bombing. Now they have nothing to return to, because they have condemned themselves in the eyes of the Ethiopian army by caring for the Eritrean fighters and teaching in their schools. A group of women described to me the horrors of being bombed while sheltering under trees after a three-day walk from the town of Keren; ten of them died outright, twelve died from their injuries and sixty-five lay seriously wounded.

These people are barely surviving on a diet of sorghum grain, imported from Sudan. None of their farmlands remain, except five hectares of vegetable crops at Nacfa. Last year they had a little powdered milk for the babies; now they have none. In the main refugee camp there were 100 blankets. Some 300 newcomers arrived when I was there, and 500 more were on the road. The fall of Keren has meant that the EPLF now has thousands more children in their care, including an entre boarding school of 2,000 who fled before the Ethiopians. The recent fighting has produced another 600 amputees.

At one field hospital there were only 30 orthopaedic nails to repair shattered limbs; at least 200 were needed. I was appalled by one group of Ethiopian prisoners-of-war, whom the EPLF are caring for and who had been sent into battle with malnutrition, malaria, tuberculosis and sundry dysentries. Many of them had been conscripted in the provinces of Wollo and Tigre, where there is severe famine. The doctor at this camp told me he simply did not have enough protein food and medicines to give them.

The EPLF are constantly having to shift the site of their schools, hospitals and refugee camps as these have become prime targets for the MIG bombers. I could go on, but to do so is to talk when the time now is to act.

VALERIE BROWNING

Rectory House
Windlesham, Surrey

Sir, In your issue of 12 January a clear picture of the Eritrean struggle was presented by John Pilger. He is one of the few journalists who were able to witness the reality of our struggle and consistently tried to expose the international conspiracy against our revolution.

Of course the Soviet Union and their allies are slandering our revolution and openly denying their intervention. What is more surprising is that the Western press has completely failed to report on the situation. In any case, the liberation forces control the whole countryside and are attacking enemy camps in the cities. We don't hide our setbacks but we also don't forget our long, bitter experience in struggle. In short, we are determined to fight to regain our liberation, whatever outside forces help the Ethiopian regime.

F. AWOT

Eritrean Workers' Association in the UK
BCM Box 7007,
London WC1

Productivity mumbo-jumbo

Sir, Your statement ('The strange death of a social contract', NS 26 January), that ASTMS regards the recent Prudential staff salary settlement as worth 28.5 per cent, is totally inaccurate.

The new money received is, in fact between 9 per cent and 10 per cent. Moreover, the settlement was achieved after negotiations which nobody who was involved in them would describe as other than 'difficult and protracted'. Your comment on this point was as fanciful as your reference to ' "much mumbo-jumbo" about "productivity",' by which you mischievously implied that some phoney productivity deal was hatched up on this occasion to boost the value of the salary award. The truth is that the Prudential happens to have a genuine productivity scheme which was negotiated as long ago as 1971 and which has produced, each year since then, varying amounts of savings which are shared fifty-fifty between the staff and the company.

I write as Chairman of the Prudential Section of ASTMS and Chief Negotiator.

DAVID PATTARINI

142 Holborn Bars
London EC1

Far be it from the NS to sow dissent within the ranks of ASTMS. It was, however, a highly-placed official of ASTMS who informed us – with quiet pride – that he interpreted the deal as being worth 28 per cent. Perhaps he has not quite mastered the intricacies of the productivity scheme referred to.

Whitehall's superlaymen

Sir, Even John Garrett himself gets partly trapped in the civil service nomenclature (NS 12 January). I looked up 'generalist' in my *Webster* and it says: 'A person whose knowledge . . . [is] applied to a variety of different fields'. In no way can I consider someone who read classics to fall under this definition. If anything he is probably more of a specialist than many an engineer.

This engineer is continually surprised at the ease with which people who studied humanities (but certainly *not* mathematics, although that might be included) consider themselves 'all-rounders'. But they do not know the importance of differential equations for engineering, do not know the idea of marginal utility in economics and do not know any statistics in order to judge sociological studies, (Burt is not the only one to misuse statistics). These people are not 'generalists' at all – they are specialists.

I have a sneaking suspicion that a true generalist is indeed better suited to occupy top policy-making posts. But I have, alas, no idea how to find such a person.

MARIS PRINS

Rijmstraat 20
4388 TV Oost-Souburg
The Netherlands

Inside the company

Sir, Rob Rohrer (NS 19 January) refers to the closure of the company search service in Liverpool library. I used this service on several occasions and found it most useful.

To grant to a company the status of limited liability is both a privilege and a responsibility. It is a privilege to the director to trade with limited liability; on the other hand they have a responsibility to those with whom they deal to provide them with information. Take away the access to that information and you leave companies with only the privilege. As a member of the public I have the right to examine company accounts. However if you make the cost of exercising that right prohibitively expensive then I might as well not have that right.

The cost of examining accounts at Companies House is small. This presumably is deliberate policy. However this is only of use to those who live near to Companies House and is of little use to those in the Provinces. The service provided at Liverpool remedied this and placed all users on a relatively equal footing.

A general trend in society has been towards openness and accountability. No less in financial accounting where large quoted companies publish their interim and year end accounts in the press and company secretaries offer free copies of their accounts to the public. The service offered by Liverpool library extended this trend to cover small private companies where the need for information is often of more importance to the public.

HENRY LUNT

4 Smethurst Hall Park
Billinge
Wigan

Return of the pink panther

Sir, I shall appreciate it if I may correct a factual error in your article on Shirley Williams (NS 19 January). Her mother, Vera Brittain, was not a Quaker, although as a pacifist she had much sympathy with their religious doctrine.

The writer's use of 'formidable' to describe Vera Brittain is ambivalent. It is true that Vera's rock-like integrity and total dedication to her beliefs were almost awesome qualities, but to those of us who knew her, and loved her, she was constantly supportive, generous and warmly affectionate. Vera Brittain was fearless in signing her name to innumerable public criticisms and I am sorry that your author does not seem to possess the same rectitude.

PAUL BERRY

40 Kildare Terrace
London W2

We are glad to print Mr. Berry's correction. However, he is wrong to attribute the tradition of the unsigned profile to cowardice. The NS takes full editorial responsibility for all such articles.

Sir, As a former Godolphin and Latymer parent who was present at the parents' meeting at the Cunard International Hotel, I must protest at Sally Holloway's assertion (Letters 26 January) that Shirley Williams did nothing to help the school find a way to stay within the state system. This is simply not true. Mrs Williams personally approached both the Secretary of State for Education at the time, and the ILEA, both of whom confirmed that they were in no way committed to any one comprehensive scheme, but were offering a variety of options and were also open to suggestions from the school and parents.

However, throughout this period, the Godolphin and Latymer Union of Parents appeared to be totally determined that the school should become independent, and seemed unwilling to entertain alternatives. Indeed, at the meeting referred to by Sally Holloway, when she failed to notice Shirley Williams despite the fact that she was sitting very close to the front, only one speaker was called who expressed herself in favour of the comprehensive system, and her reception, like that of the ILEA's representative on the platform, was extremely hostile.

HELGE RUBINSTEIN

61 Clarendon Road,
London W11

Party tricks

Sir, I agree with Mr Sutton-Jones (Letters 19 January) that the Peoples National Party, since it is led by former CPP ministers, is widely regarded as the successor to the CPP of Nkrumah. However, if the perhaps more relevant test is applied of which party

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seems closest to the ideology of Nkrumah then there are four parties of the eleven registered to date all claiming to espouse Nkrumaism. Johnny Hanson's Peoples Revolutionary Party would probably claim to be closest to the thinking of Nkrumah, as revealed in his later post-coup books. Even the party name is a reference to the All African Peoples Revolutionary Party which Nkrumah wrote he would form on his return to Ghana.

Perhaps some alliances may be formed among the Nkrumaist parties to fight the election, but in any event Mr Sutton-Jones should not set too much store by the local election results since the poll was down to 10 per cent in places. The apathy shown by the public on this occasion was a factor in making the military decide to lift the ban on political parties this year.

PETER MILNE

47 Roderick Road
London NW3

Burt's intelligence fraud

Sir, In his article on Sir Cyril Burt (NS 24 November) Oliver Gillie placed much stress on Professor Dorfman's 'exposé' of Burt in the American journal *Science*. In fact Dorfman, while quoting liberally from Burt's paper, omitted the crucial paragraph in which Burt explained what he had done. He wrote: 'In constructing the tables the frequencies in the various rows and columns were proportional frequencies and in no way represent the number actually examined . . . To obtain the figures (numbers per mille) we weighted the actual numbers so that the proportions in each class should be equal to the estimated proportions for the total population.' And 'finally . . . we have rescaled our assessments of intelligence so that the mean of the group is 100 and the standard deviation 15.' To anyone who knows Burt's work this rescaling meant scaling to a normal distribution. Professor Dorfman, then, is simply criticising Burt for weighting and rescaling his figures. Dorfman thinks they are empirical, whereas they are empirical results transformed to population estimates. Where, then, is the fraud?

There have been a number of allegations levelled against Burt since his death, and they were summarised by Oliver Gillie in your journal. I was in touch with Burt until his death in 1971, and assisted him for a number of years. I know of no work of his against which allegations of fraud have been made – published or unpublished – that is not perfectly capable of a reasonable explanation.

CHARLOTTE BANKS

Malthouse Cottages
94 Church Way
Iffley, Oxford

Donald D. Dorfman, Professor of Psychology at the University of Iowa, writes: The passage that Charlotte Banks has quoted from Burt's highly acclaimed 22-page 1961 article was buried in a sea of deception and disingenuousness. It contradicts all of the descriptions and discussions that precede and follow it. For instance, Burt stated in the abstract that his 'deductions are fully confirmed by tables *compiled* [my italics] to show the actual distribution of intelligence.' In introducing his tables I and II, he declared, 'In studying the distribution of intelligence among the different occupational classes it is in my view desirable to examine, not only (as is usually done) the class-means but the entire frequency distributions. Accordingly in Tables I and II, I give frequencies both for adults and for children.' In introducing tables III and IV, he stated 'If we now *reclassify* [my italics] the actual data . . . , we obtain the distribution set out in Table III . . . Table IV shows the distribution of the children with the scale for intelligence *subdivided afresh* [my italics].' I suppose that Banks will now tell us that when Burt used 'compile' he meant 'subdivide afresh,' when he used 'subdivide afresh' he meant 'reclassify,' when he used 'reclassify' he meant 'rescale' and when he used 'rescale' he meant 'scale to a normal distribution' (by some unspecified transformation), and when he used the terms 'data' or 'sample,' he did not mean empirical data or an empirical sample.

Moreover, Burt was not writing a letter to personal friends acquainted with his idiosyncratic use of technical terms. He was publishing an article for the scientific community. Since Burt was simultaneously assistant editor of the *British Journal of Psychology*, aide to the editor of the *British Journal of Educational Psychology* and assistant editor of the *British Journal of Statistical Psychology* when the article was published, he was surely aware of the requirement for precise description of procedures in scientific communications.

The crucial argument against Banks's position is that a rescaling of Burt's assessments of intelligence in the purported sample to a normal distribution in no way implies that the distributions he reported will be normally distributed. The distribution of assessments of intelligence in the purported sample is a mixture of distributions with the weights equal to the sample proportions obtained in each occupational class. His sample was described as a set of father-son pairs from an anonymous 'London borough selected as typical of the whole country' for 'nearly fifty years, namely, from 1913 onwards.' However, the distributions he published were in every case a mixture of distributions with weights having a nonsensical relation to his purported sample weights. I found his published weights (his published proportions in each occupational class) in a section of an old pamphlet that Burt failed to cite in his article. Those published proportions were 'based mainly upon Charles Booth's survey' in the late nineteenth century combined in an unspecified way with some old unspecified London census figures for occupied male adults 14 plus with or without children and married or unmarried.

Thus, Burt's published weights are not the weights of the purported sample surveys. But if a mixture is a normal distribution with a set of weights from a sample, it in no way follows that the mixture will be a normal distribution with a different set of weights. Indeed, it would be highly unlikely for Burt's tables I and II and essentially impossible for his tables III and IV. In brief, if Burt had rescaled his assessments of intelligence in his purported sample to a normal distribution, he would have lost the normal curve by reweighting with the nonsensical weights taken without comment from the old uncited pamphlet.

In 1963, two years after he had published his almost perfect normal curves, Burt actually raised suspicions about the approximate normality of frequency distributions published by E. L. Thorndike, an acknowledged leader in the field of American educational psychology. Burt declared (*Brit. J. Statist. Psychol.*, 1963): 'On applying the chi-squared test to his [Thorndike's] own measurements he reaches values for P ranging from 0,99 to 0,999,999. Now we used to be warned that 'a value of P very near to unity should lead the investigator to suspect his hypothesis quite as much as very small values: such very close correspondences are too good to be true' (19, p. 423). In conclusion, Burt's very close correspondences are too good to be true.

Our histake

Sir, In response to readers who have queried 'A.P.M.' (the attribution to my piece, NS 26 January), I append the following information: A.P.M. are the initials of Sir Alan Patrick Merbert, versifier, librettist, author and politician. His works include *Mome and Beauty*, *Melen* and a honograph on the wild onion, *Moly Deadlock*.

ROGER WODDIS

6 Windsor Road,
London N13

The Biggles factor

Sir, A reassuring feature of the NS – not that it is necessarily new, but current pressures are certainly against it – is the courage to state a fact which runs counter to increasingly entrenched prejudices, which may be held by some NS readers. What I have in mind appears in Francis Wheen's little piece (NS 19 January) on the case of the death of Michael Ferreira. Mr Wheen acknowledges – well, the word is not 'acknowledge', that suggests reluctant admission – rather, the journalist's integrity (without which we are all damned and doomed) enabled us to know that the police in this case did their professional duty of acting smartly to apprehend the white youths charged with the attack on the black 19-year-old.

There are certain highly intelligent political tacticians in both party and union who would consider any Left-inclined journal as being woefully misguided, even disloyal, 'to bring comfort to the enemy' by writing such a statement as 'the usually hesitant police . . . detained three white youths within hours and charged them the same afternoon'. For, goes the prevailing wisdom, that piece of news may stir the hearts of the nation's Biggleses but it tends to undermine the present strategy which includes the need to blacken the police as accomplices of our capitalist oppressors.

In the NS, however, it seems we shall be given a *true* picture of what's going on. With that both we and the NS will be able to proceed from a sure foundation, not the shaky one, with inbuilt failure, that the 'clever', earnest, but spiritually halitolic political strategist with his genuine, if corrupt, belief in the virtue of news manipulation, would provide.

NOEL RATCLIFFE

5 Cavendish Avenue,
Buxton, Derbyshire

On their knees

Sir, Poor John Spurling (NS 26 January). I was at the private view of Saul Steinberg's work at the Serpentine along with Scarfe, Steadman, Breeze and Quentin Blake, to name a few. These are top men. All were bending their knees. Praise was endless as is to be expected for an artist who has created a visual vocabulary of universal acceptance. What is it we were seeing that Spurling missed?

BARRY FANTONI

Private Eye
London W1

The insiders

Sir, May I make two comments on Paul Johnson's review of *The Cambridge Apostles: The Early Years* (NS 12 January)? As a personal friend of Kim Philby when we were both at Trinity College, Cambridge, may I say that he was never to the best of my knowledge a member of the Apostles (1929-32). As one who was never approached by, or invited to join, that remarkable circle, I do not think, whatever its shortcomings or arrogance or exclusiveness, it should be smeared in this way ('It is no accident that the brotherhood became tainted with treason'). Your reviewer compares the Apostles with the freemasons. Even a passing acquaintance with the anti-masonic mythology of the continental Right should warn him off this kind of paranoia and guilt by association.

ANTHONY MCLEAN

East Bank Cottage
Sandway, Kent

Sir Neville Cardus

Sir, I am currently preparing a biography of Sir Neville Cardus which is to be published by Weidenfeld & Nicholson in 1981. At present, I am particularly interested in Sir Neville's career before the outbreak of war in 1939, the years he spent in Australia and his retirement. If any of your readers have any information, memories or recollections of Cardus during these periods of his life, I would very much like to hear from him or her.

CHRISTOPHER BROOKES

5 Berkeley Gardens
London W8

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Sugar and spice

Human nature being what it so deplorably is, few would consider it a sad experience to find some prideful or selfish person getting his or her just deserts here below, provided of course that nothing in the way of a just and inconvenient desert ever alights anywhere near one's own personal landing strip or helicopter pad. Never having had total confidence in the afterlife, a view considerably strengthened by David Attenborough's current and fascinating TV series 'Life on Earth' which shows us to be the merest afterthought in the evolutionary chain and of little interest, I am all for others' just deserts, good or bad, being bestowed on them here on earth so that we can make absolutely sure of them and in the very wide field of come-uppances, no juster desert ever clanged home more satisfactorily than the one rightly visited on Tennyson's 'May Queen', an egomaniac if ever I saw one, with her tiresomely reiterated shrieks of 'For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother.'

I shall return to this headstrong creature later but let me first say that I am far from happy, as it happens, about almost all of the whiskery laureate's contributions to his 'rosebud garden of girls'. 'Girl Crazy' was the name of an early talkie and it would serve very well as a sub-title for any definitive biography of this bard. And Tennyson's girls do not, I fear, lift the heart. Heroines that spend their time either plunged in gloom or being vaguely hysterical or sedately remote are to me as baffling and deeply unsatisfactory as televised basketball. Take, for instance, the enigmatic Claribel, a girl rather skimpily dealt with in terms of verses (three only) and plunged, on our sole meeting, not in gloom but down in the very earth itself and dead as a doornail beneath a mossy headstone and an oak tree and with, for company, nothing but flora and fauna ('At eve the beetle boometh'). Who, for goodness sake, was Claribel? Why keep us in the dark? Had she just completed her Pitman's course and was about to face the challenging world of luncheon vouchers and tea breaks? Was she, less exactingly, a trainee telephonist? The poet is silent on these points. Was she, perhaps, born in fairer and blue-blooded circumstances, came a purler at the double-oxer and passed away, with a final defiant 'yoicks', on the hunting field? Alfred does not tell us, not realising, I suppose, how impossible it is to grieve for such a shadowy figure and one with a not immediately beguiling Christian name. A good test of the euphony of a name such as Claribel is to call it up the stairs a time or two and tell it that it's wanted on the telephone.

With an extremely flibbertygibberty girl called 'airy, fairy Lilian', even Lord Tennyson, besotted with the opposite sex though he may be, is a little severe. Her reaction to a confession of love is to go off into peal upon peal of laughter, a trying enough sound as it is and in this case especially wounding to the confessor, who actually prays for her to shut up. She is also reported to have clapped her tiny hands together, to have refused to speak and, what a condemnation, to be both 'innocent-arch' and 'cunning-simple'. But here there is at least some indication of Lilian's professional role in life. Her black-beaded eyes are described as glancing out from beneath her 'gathered wimple' (we can abandon at once any idea that we are back in Chaucerian times – the language alone rules it out). In this poem the lyrist needs, certainly, a rhyme for 'dimple' (a cavity possessed, I need hardly say, by this shallow creature, together with a 'baby-rose' cheek in which to house it) but you do not become poet laureate by clutching at any old rhyme that comes along ('pimple' was fully available too) and I prefer to regard the word 'wimple' as an indication that Lilian is in fact a nun. Nuns still sport wimples and instantly we can, in our charitable way, find a pleasanter explanation of those wild cackles. The enamoured writer, peering in a love-sick manner through the nunnery gates, has become a terrible old nuisance to everybody and Lilian's merry howls are by way of being a tactful and jovial turn-off, a course of action preferable to having to bring the whole matter to the attention of the Mother Superior, with a possible court-case to follow (ALLEGED POET FINED TEN SHILLINGS).

I have dealt before in these pages with a girl called Maud, a name dangerously productive of rhymes ('bored', for instance), and about the well-known Lady of Shalott I find it hard to speak calmly. Comfortably housed with every luxury in a spacious castle with as many as four grey towers, if you please, surrounded by an attractive garden and with her weaving to keep her occupied and happy, she has much to offer when Sir Lancelot rides by and it is time to abandon the shy violet pose. He is described as being 'bold' and he would obviously have reacted in manly fashion to a loudish 'yoo-hoo!' from a casement. Then she has only to let her hair down, and up he climbs. Instead of which the feeble girl shrank back and kept mum, recklessly went out later in exceedingly inclement weather, *stole* a boat (well, read the poem) and floated herself down to Camelot, arriving, also dead as a doornail, in a highly killjoy manner and just in time to spoil a very jolly party in the palace, and subsequently requiring expensive funeral arrangements. It is true that, in the best traditions of doomed heroines in grand opera, she died with a song upon her lips, but that is not enough. Could lack of thought for others go further?

Yes, it could. The May Queen's behaviour exceeds all bounds. Her name, as you'll recall, is Alice and though we are not told her age, I would judge from various hints (the adjective 'little' and her ability to dance indefatigably round the may-pole till all hours) that she is rising eighteen. Tennyson is stingy too with information as to how such a show-off became May Queen in the first place. One likes to think that the election was made with the scrupulous fairness that obtains yearly in the events leading up to the enthronement of the Carnival Queen at Torquay, but how can we be sure with a girl as pushy as Alice? She speaks very boastfully and displeasingly of the lesser charms of her four nearest rivals, Kate and Caroline among them. But it is the very opening line of the poem that sets the tone for what follows. 'You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear.' There you have Alice's whole character. 'Must', you note. What sort of manners are these?

I've never been too certain about the identity and background of Alice's mother, a figure fully as insubstantial and poorly documented as both Mrs Polonius and Queen Lear. Everything seems to point to it being a one-parent family, and a poor one at that (no mention at all of one of those handy "Tea's Made' contraptions for early risers, let alone a simple alarm-clock). I see her as a widow, sad relict possibly of a sergeant-major who paid the price at Balaclava, which would explain Alice's inherited and woefully bossy tone. Perhaps she takes in washing (Alice's kit for the great day was obviously whiter than white), widows' pensions being what they are and with Alice's young sister, poor little Effie, to take care for too. It is possible that after the hectoring 'You must wake', Alice realises that she has gone too far and, in a sickly ingratiating way, adds on the word 'dear' to 'mother'. Anything can be expected of a girl who treats her humble village suitor, Robin, in such an off-hand manner. 'I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light,' she crows, adding that she prefers 'bolder lads'. Immodest too.

The just deserts, and how richly deserved they are, you will remember – hardly is May over before Alice is struck down by some fatal and unspecified illness of a suitably Victorian and lingering nature, hangs on for the best part of a year, makes a hearty repentance, thoughtfully leaves all her gardening tools to little Effie, is notably politer to her mother and sends a kind message to Robin to the effect that there are plenty of other fish in the sea. One would have welcomed a word of encouragement to Kate (next year's Queen, who can doubt?) but there are clearly some things that stick in even the most repentant gullets.

Roger Woddis

New Ramps for Old

China is restoring wealth and property to former millionaires.

With Deng all things are possible,
And Peking points the way:
  Here is a thought to borrow,
  Goodbye to present sorrow,
  If we should do tomorrow
What China does today.

Consider how the clouds would lift,
How raging seas would part,
  If we embraced our betters,
  If banks forgave their debtors,
  And in our fringe theatres
We saw a change of art.

There'd be a metamorphosis
In all we have and hold,
  If all those called were chosen,
  John Tyndall's name were Rosen,
  And, wages being frozen,
Bill Rodgers felt the cold.

The guiltless would see justice done,
If judges doffed their wigs:
  No bureaucrat would shove us,
  Our enemies would love us,
  And all the skies above us
Be dark with flying pigs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Clive James

The Mirror and the Lamp

Pushkin: The Complete Prose Tales translated by Gillon R Aitken *Michael Russell* £7.50 & £3 50

Pushkin's Fairy Tales translated by Janet Dalley with an introduction by John Bayley *Barrie & Jenkins* £7.95

Some would argue that it doesn't matter whether poetic masterpieces written in languages unknown to us are translated well or badly, since what makes them poetic is untranslatable by definition. Others would argue that unless translation is done as well as possible we can't even guess at what we are missing out on. Hardly anybody argues that a translation can be the equivalent of the original. Yet in 1977 the appearance of Charles Johnston's astonishing translation of *Eugene Onegin* powerfully suggested, even to those with no knowledge of the Russian language, that Pushkin really must be as good as he is generally cracked up to be. To those even fleetingly acquainted with the original text, Mr Johnston sounded like a sorcerer. He had duplicated the intricacy of Pushkin's stanza without notably cramping its naturalness of tone. Previously, translators had sacrificed the one in keeping the other – except, of course, for Nabokov, who had sacrificed both.

On sober inspection, it became evident that not even Mr Johnston had been able to do the impossible. Inevitably he was at a loss to reproduce the full range of mimetic effects made available to Pushkin by the lexical wealth of the Russian language and by his own genius. The sound keeps running thin. But even with all objections made, it is now possible to say that for the English-speaking reader Pushkin's magnitude as a poet is at last beyond conjecture. The inference is inescapable: only a great work could inspire so good a translation.

As Belinsky pointed out, Russian poets before Pushkin were rivers. Pushkin is the sea. He is the real beginning of Russian poetry, which is really all modern. So is Russian prose, since he is the real beginning of that too. He turned from poetry to prose towards the end of his short life. Russianists who once despaired of conveying the quality of Pushkin's poetry were and are fond of saying that the quality of his prose is even harder to transmit. But as with *Eugene Onegin* it would perhaps be better to wait for a palpably excellent translation before we decide that the prose is untranslatable.

The Complete Prose Tales was apparently first published in this country in 1962 as a paperback, which meant that it was not reviewed. When it appeared in hard covers in 1966, it was once more overlooked, on the assumption that it had been reviewed before. Now here it is again, incorporating 'some slight textual revisions'. It is a worthy volume which deserves an ungrudging welcome. Here is a handy guide to the contents of such important works as *The Tales of Belkin*, *Dubrovsky*, *The Queen of Spades* and *The Captain's Daughter*, plus many slighter things. But Mr Aitken can give you small idea of what was remarkable about the way Pushkin wrote them.

Pushkin's ideal of prose was ascetic. In his poetry he might indulge himself – although even his excesses were economical – but in his prose there is always an element of mortification. 'Precision and brevity,' he wrote. 'Without these, brilliant expression serves no purpose.' His model was Voltaire, whom the French by that time were beginning to find arid. As John Bayley tells us in his indispensable *Púshkin: A Comparative Commentary*, when Prosper Merimée translated *The Tales of Belkin* he could not resist the impulse to juice up the style. Mr Aitken does his best to reproduce Pushkin's astringency, but he has the unhappy knack of padding a line without meaning to. There is a telling example in his rendition of *The Queen of Spades* (1833). '"The game fascinates me," said Hermann, "but I am not in the position to sacrifice (the) essentials (of life) in the hope of acquiring (the) luxuries."' This statement is attributed to Hermann twice during the course of the story. It is an epigram and should sound like one. It would possibly be better without the two 'the's which I have placed in brackets, although there is some excuse for putting them in, since Russian often leaves you the choice of whether to supply an article or not. But the other two words I have bracketed, 'of life', simply don't exist in the original and I can see no good reason for adding them.

Mr Aitken is no great shakes with dialogue. When anybody talks, the results sound stilted. He thus tends to slow down a story whose whole stylistic object is to speed up. But generally he is useful on details. It is an aberration, not a characteristic, when he says of the Countess: 'she removed the patches from her face.' The reference is to the Countess's early days in Paris, when she was a young beauty, not an old boot. Saying 'the patches' makes her sound like a heavily repaired inner tube. The original word, *mooshki*, actually means stick-on beauty spots. It is true that the contemporary English word for such cosmetic aids was, precisely, 'patches', but the same word will not serve the turn now. Even this miscalculation, however, springs from knowledge more than from ignorance: Mr Aitken is a keen and helpful student of the relevant social minutiae.

Despite its testingly elliptical style, *The Queen of Spades* was a big hit at the time. Pushkin noted in his correspondence that gamblers were punting according to the Countess's system. (The letter is quoted in Tatiana Wolff's brilliantly edited compendium *Pushkin on Literature*, which I should like to recommend in passing, since it is currently still on the shelves of the remainder shops. Even those with no time to set about learning Russian will find this book a richly stimulating work of humane scholarship.) With *The Captain's Daughter* (1836), however, Pushkin went beyond where his audience could immediately follow him. Here was the most advanced example he was ever to provide of what John Bayley has definitively called 'this uniform unexpressiveness which none the less expresses everything'. Unfortunately Mr Aitken's idea of uniform unexpressiveness is too often indistinguishable from ordinary flatness. For Pushkin, 'in a twinkling' is simply too twee a way of rendering the adverb *meegum*. And what is the point of saying 'frenzy of rage' where 'frenzy' would do? It is not even accurate. The woman is in despair at suddenly having noticed her husband hanging from a gibbet. Rage would come later.

These might seem minor points but in fact they strike to the root of the matter. Gogol said that compared with *The Captain's Daughter* all other Russian stories and novels seemed like sickly-sweet pulp. Tolstoy and Dostoevsky are both in a straight line of development from Pushkin's later prose. What Pushkin offered his contemporaries and successors was the possibility – conjured up seemingly from nowhere – of a medium which would interpose nothing between the reader and reality. Mr Aitken is just one more translator who has breathed on the glass. But at least he hasn't walked straight into it.

One of the many seductive things about learning Russian is that the fairy stories are often by great writers, so that you meet the giant talents in your first year. The story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears, for example, is told by Tolstoy. Pushkin set the fashion. The official Soviet critical line on Pushkin is that as a poet of the people he was schooled in the folk heritage of the motherland by his nurse, Arina Rodionovna. Certainly she must have been influential in helping him to develop his feeling for the Russian language even when the official tongue for one of his rank was French. But in fact it never mattered to him what his sources were, as long as they were vital. He was a world poet before he was a national one. His fairy tales are of acute artistic importance since they are early examples of his determination to tell stories in verse. They are first steps on the way to writing a whole novel in rhymed form. Any translator who chooses to render them in prose will be leaving a lot out.

Janet Dalley has rendered them in prose. Try as I might, I can't see that the resulting book has any more to offer than the standard rhymed translations churned out by the Soviet publishing houses. Russian illustrations might be sub-Disney but they are, superficially at least, more beguiling than the Arthur Boyd lithographs which bleakly adorn this volume. Mr Boyd would have to be a lot more penetrating than he is before the reader could stifle an atavistic yearning for a beautiful princess who actually looked like a beautiful princess, rather than a bunyip's mother.

The book's introductory note is written by none other than John Bayley. It rehearses the same points which are to be found more fully developed in the relevant section of *Pushkin: A Comparative Commentary*, where the reader will also discover that when Bayley translates a few lines of a Pushkin fairy tale for purposes of illustration, he comes up with far better results than those to which he is lending his imprimatur here. Bayley, too, is translating Pushkin's verse into prose, but at least the prose is accurate. In *The Golden Cockerel*, for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

example, when Pushkin writes 'The whole capital shuddered', Bayley renders it as 'The whole capital shuddered'. Janet Dalley gives us 'The whole crowd shuddered in horror.' She tells you what to feel.

Pushkin never did. He was a universal artist. In the Soviet Union the whole tendency of Pushkin studies is to make their hero a progressive. He *was* progressive – all the subsequent debates on reform and revolution begin within the boundaries of his work – but he was conservative as well. He was everything. Even at their most scrupulous, Soviet studies of Pushkin inevitably belittle him. Hence the importance of his foreign reputation. There is a sense in which Professor Bayley in his book and Edmund Wilson in his essays give the English reader an estimation of Pushkin which is truer than any Soviet reader is in a position to appreciate. (Again let me recommend a remainder-shop bargain. Wilson's *A Window on Russia*, which contains, among other things, the famous 1943 essay that Bayley rightly calls the best short introduction to Pushkin, is currently available at the absurdly low price of one pound.)

Unfortunately there is also a sense in which, no matter how good the translations get, the full majesty of Pushkin must remain unknown to anyone who can't read Russian. I can only conclude by pointing out that not even Russians can read Russian without learning it first; that once you have made a start it turns out not to be as difficult as it looks; and that some of the rewards come surprisingly early. Russian literature might show every degree of refinement but it is simple at the core, because it all springs from Pushkin's example. Genius is elementary. Pushkin is like Homer, Dante and Shakespeare: when he mentions something, you see it. It follows that to learn even a few lines of him in the original is to see that much of the world afresh.

This English

A special £5 token is on its way to Mr Michael Gonnan in Urbana, Illinois, whose alarming letter we print in full. £2 apiece for a jangled cliché/snap tautology and for a timely reminder from Mr R. H. Price: when the curate said his egg was good in parts, he didn't exactly mean that he quite liked bits of it. We end with a murder solved by Telegraph **grammar. Entries on a postcard.**

☐ Dear This English: I know that you collect printed and not spoken examples of misuse, but I cannot resist sharing three new verbs culled from American TV. 1) A soldier (general) speaking on the PBS *McNeil/Lehrer Report:* 'We will not cut down drastically, just allow the situation to attrit.' 2) The director of the FBI speaking on the same programme: 'We simply cannot surveill [*pron.* sir-veil] everyone.' 3) Bernard Kalb (a *very* prestigious TV reporter) on CBS news: 'Mao has been depedestalised.' (Michael Gonnan)

☐ He needs it to feed an aching psychological hunger but Nicklaus is a kettle of fish of a different colour. **Peter Dobereiner** *Observer* (F. L. P. Thorne)

☐ The *Economist*'s 1978 portfolio was a curate's egg. *Economist* (R. H. Price)

☐ Detectives hunting the killer of a former woman croupier who was found with her throat cut by her daughters at their home in Woodford Green . . . *Daily Telegraph* (H. Henry)

Do you need to know what is going on week by week in Parliament?

In the past have you met problems when you tried to find out about current developments at Westminster?

Realising that all too often people did find such information difficult to get hold of, the Information Offices of both Houses are now producing every Saturday during session a **Weekly Information Bulletin**. These will make authoritative news of developments in each House much more readily available. From them you can chart, for instance, the progress of Bills, membership and reports of Committees, the issue of Consultative Documents and White Papers, as well as the current business of each House, the state of the parties and changes in the Government. Separate sections relate also to European Communities legislation and Northern Ireland Orders in Council.

If you would like sample copies of the **Bulletins** of the two Houses, or a subscription form, please ring (01) 219 4272 or 5454. Or write to:

HMSO (PM1C) Freepost, London EC1B 1DD

I/We wish to place the following one-year subscription to: *please tick*

House of Commons Weekly Information Bulletin at **£24** ☐

House of Lords Weekly Information Bulletin at **£24** ☐

Weekly Information Bulletin for both Houses at **£45** ☐

and enclose a cheque for £ ____ : ____

or please charge to my HMSO account No. _____

(It is expected that in a normal Parliamentary session the above rates will cover 35 copies of each publication including first class postage.)

We are sorry that we are unable to extend credit to overseas customers who do not hold an HMSO account.

HMSO BOOKS

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Post Code _____

Date _____

Note: This form should be sent **FREEPOST** *– no stamp required.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

E. J. Hobsbawm

Points of Departure

Karl Marx's Theory of History: A Defence by G. A. COHEN *Oxford* £10.50

How far should marxists pay any attention to what the Founding Father himself wrote? Ever since the end of the 19th century the question has from time to time preoccupied even those of Marx's followers who did not, like Bernstein's revisionists, believe him to be mistaken or obsolete. Thus around 1900, when Hegel was out of philosophical fashion except among Russian and Neapolitan intellectuals, it became common to rewrite Marx in Kantian terms. The retreat of social-democracy from revolution and the virtual monopolisation of marxism by the communists, whose attachment to the classic texts was passionate, eliminated such exercises from the public forum for several decades. 'What marxism taught' was not only firmly stated but officially imposed. And though modifications of Marx were not excluded in theory, in practice the only ones accepted were those initiated by authorities (such as Stalin) with whom argument was inadvisable.

In the past 20 odd years this Soviet-marxist orthodoxy has disintegrated, incidentally revealing a good deal of previously obscured pre-Stalinist marxism. Moreover, a large, probably historically unprecedented, body of intellectuals has been attracted to marxism, bringing with it a characteristic penchant for theoretical disagreement. 'What marxism teaches' is no longer clear, if only because – outside the range of communist governments – there are no longer any authorities whose opinions on the matter are generally accepted. Very little about marxism is generally accepted except the association of Marx's name with revolution and socialism. Furthermore, there is a plain need to update or develop his analysis to fit a world to which the classic texts cannot be literally applied.

The result is a state of general confusion. There are hyphenated marxisms (Islamic, Catholic, etc) on which one would like to hear the old man's posthumous comments. There are semi-hyphenated marxisms, in which the interpretation of some marxian guru past or present (Althusser, Gramsci, Korsch, Lukács, etc) becomes canonical or which combine Marx with some intellectual innovation of fashion (structuralism, psychoanalysis, etc). There are marxists who would prefer Marx to have been more like Fourier, Bakunin or Mazzini, who regret his preoccupation with value theory or the materialist conception of history, not to mention those who dispose of what they regard as the rubbish in his theory in a large plastic bag labelled, in opposition to Marx, 'Frederick Engels'. It would naturally be simpler if some – but by no means all – of these abandoned a thinker whom they obviously believe to be wrong, but few on the Left want to give up the right to pin its most powerful and universal badge on to their chests.

This is not to say that a return to a single dogmatic marxism is useful or even possible. It is not. Nor is it even desirable. Yet, if we believe that Marx still has a fundamental, or even a serious, contribution to make to understanding and to changing the world, then any modern versions of marxism must take its founder's line of thought as their starting point. Even if there is no *appellation contrôlée* for this old wine, it will not do to empty the labelled bottle and pour in some more acceptable but quite different beverage. This is why G. A. Cohen's *Karl Marx's Theory of History: A Defence* is particularly welcome. It assumes that Marx's own views must be the point of departure for modern marxists, though not necessarily also the point of arrival.

As a trained philosopher Cohen recognises that Marx's arguments must be restated in terms recognised as logically adequate today; which implies the analysis, and at certain points – e.g. Marx's views on Mill – a critique of their adequacy. However, the object of the exercise is not to transform Marx but to reformulate his theory, with a notable lucidity from which old-fashioned marxists will also benefit. Cohen has written an admirably clear book. This is more than can be said of some other current marxists.

What Cohen seeks to defend is the traditional materialist conception of history as summed up by Marx in 1859, i.e. a theory in which the development of the material forces of production determines the economic structure of society (i.e. the sum-total of the relations of production into which men enter), and this in turn determines the (legal and political) 'super structure' and the ideologies. The two are not regarded as identical. This is a doctrine of what he sees as 'technological determination', but not determinism. It is something like this broad statement of explanatory priorities which has given marxism such power of penetration as a method of historical analysis, and indeed today most historians of the general development of human society rely on some analogous theory of analytical stratification. In the sense that we all accept that 'it is not the consciousness of men that determines their social being, but, on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness' we are almost all 'marxists' today.

For various reasons Marx's views have been diluted and interpreted almost out of existence. This has usually been done by redefining Marx's terminology and by eroding the distinctions between the roles of forces and relations of production, superstructure, consciousness, etc, and therefore of Marx's ranking of explanatory priorities. Cohen's well-timed 'defence' is therefore directed not only against anti-marxists who deny Marx's competence as a thinker but also against marxists who prefer to think that he did not mean what he said. It is not, of course, intended as an exercise in textual fundamentalism. On at least one major point he modifies the master substantially. He reformulates the critique of the fundamental contradictions of modern capitalism without the labour theory of value (see Ian Steedman's piece, NS, 5 January).

However, if Cohen's defence will repel several philosophical offensives, it will not completely satisfy the historians. For there is one crucial problem of the marxist interpretation of history which he recognises but does not face: capitalism arose only in Europe and nowhere else. This imposes enormous difficulties on Cohen's 'technological' interpretation which must assume that (apart from differences in the strictly material conditions of various parts of the globe) the pressure to develop the forces of production ought to be, given minimum conditions of relative scarcity, broadly uniform. Yet in fact the development of productive forces has been very uneven. There are no 'static' societies. But for most societies the dynamics of extended social reproduction did not lead to the industrial revolution.

Several marxists have attempted to tackle this problem, mainly by either assigning a greater role to superstructural elements (such as state organisation) or by extending the scope of Marx's 'mode of production' beyond the narrowly economic. Cohen regards both as equally illegitimate. Yet he himself has nothing to say about the matter except that the problem is indeed difficult; that it must

Christopher Reid

Up the Rear-Guard!

Hail, half-blind Blink! Bald Blimp and Bloodnok, hail!
Huff, puff, bluff-brotherhood of club and snug!
Dram-blasted Bogey – browsing on the fug
of fat cigars, truffling in tumblers, pale

fog-fish, plumb-porpoise, grum, vesuvian whale –
what ho! We sing the bar-room Bagstock thug!
Salute Sir Goon, son of a toby-jug
(a hole-in-one his only Holy Grail),

sweet babe-in-armour on a bar-stool howdah,
white handlebars grapeshot with curry-powder,
who guns down dragons with a gatling eye!

Aficionado of the snifter, deep-
sea drinker, Davy Jones, snorkeled in sleep –
brandy-balloonist of the bold, blue sky!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not be solved except by keeping 'base' and 'superstructure' as separate as he thinks Marx does; and if it is not soluble under these conditions, then it is too bad for marxism. Now he might have avoided painting himself into this corner by adopting a rather less restrictive definition of 'relations to production' than he does; for his own identification of these with 'effective control' over persons is both unrealistic for pre-capitalist societies and not clearly shown to be necessary. Nevertheless, it is possible even for those who share his view that Marx's 1859 Preface (which forms the epigraph of Cohen's book and his basic text) is the most pregnant statement of the materialist conception of history, to believe that its analysis can be extended without abandoning its essential content. It is important to distinguish between theories which cannot be legitimately derived from Marx (except in a genealogical sense) and those which Marx might arguably have accepted. While Cohen's admirable and formidable book is successful in identifying the first, it sometimes risks confusing them with the second.

Paul Foot

Black Jacobin

This Gilded African: Toussaint L'Ouverture
by WENDA PARKINSON *Quartet* £5.95

Who discovered Hispaniola? Who abolished slavery? Any first-year history pupil has the answers pat: Christopher Columbus and William Wilberforce. Pat, but wrong. When Christopher Columbus came across Hispaniola in 1492, there were a million people living there who had discovered it already. They enjoyed life and lived in peace. Christopher Columbus introduced them to the benefits of white Christian civilisation: enterprise, initiative and genocide. Two hundred years later, a lot of gold and precious stones had been dug out of the island for the benefit of imperial Spain – and, in the process, the entire indigenous population had been wiped out.

In 1695, the island was divided by treaty between Spain and France. The Spanish half (the east) was left fallow. But in the west, French settlers started to grow coffee, then indigo, then sugar. But there were no natives left to do the dirty work. So the settlers imported slaves from Africa. By 1788, there were half a million black slaves on the island. They were ruled over by about 40,000 whites. The entire economic and social system was based on sadism. The more sadistic the slavers and planters, the higher the return. There was an endless supply of slaves from Africa, so who cared if one in nine of them who arrived died every year; if the slaves had (on average) only four hours sleep a night; if they had to cultivate their own food in those four hours? What fun it was to think up new tortures for disobedient slaves to entertain the guests after dinner! By 1788, there were more slaves in St Dominigue (as the French half of the island was known) than in all the rest of the West Indies put together. Their production was prodigious. Whole cities in France were built around the trade from the island. Half Europe's sugar, half its indigo, half its cotton came from the massive plantations in the north and west of St Dominigue. It was the most profitable place on earth.

That's where William Wilberforce came in. He 'stirred the conscience' of the British nation about slavery for one reason only: that the chief beneficiaries of slavery were French. St Dominigue brought more profits to French merchants than all the British slave plantations put together. Wilberforce concluded that if profits from sadism and racialism couldn't accrue to English gentlemen, then they shouldn't accrue to anyone. He was, even down to his initials, the William Whitelaw of his time. His conscience wrestled forever with his property, and his property always won. William Wilberforce did not abolish slavery. That job was taken on by Toussaint L'Ouverture, a black slave from the Breda plantation: he led the great slave rebellion in St Dominigue. Perhaps you haven't heard of Toussaint L'Ouverture. He doesn't get much space in British, Spanish or French history books, perhaps because he and 100,000 black soldiers defeated the armed might of all three countries.

The slave revolt in St Dominigue broke out in August 1791. The whites on the island, not trusting the French revolutionary government, turned almost at once to Britain for support. After some delay, the British responded generously. An army of some 30,000 men was sent to smash the slaves and to conquer St Dominigue for the British Empire. The British intended to restore slavery in the island, so Wilberforce and Co. suddenly forgot their hostility to slavery. With reinforcements and mercenaries the British expedition swelled to 100,000. Over three years' fighting it was broken to bits by the slave army under Toussaint and driven out of the island never to return. The final British retreat was in 1796. Then the French government provoked a civil war between the slave army and the island's 40,000 mulattos (of mixed birth). That took another two years to win, with enormous losses. Then the slaves moved westwards and conquered the Spanish half of the island.

For a year, the people of all the island enjoyed peace in a newly-formed republic under Toussaint. Slavery, of course, was abolished. So was the whip and all physical punishment. Production rose faster than at any other time in the island's history. People began to eat enough, to sleep enough, and to produce more. This was too much for the First Consul of France, Napoleon Bonaparte. He hated the idea of blacks in charge of what was once profitable French territory. His friends the merchants told him that slavery was much more profitable than any other labour system yet devised. So Napoleon, the liberator of Europe, decided to restore slavery in St Dominigue.

He equipped a mighty expedition of 30,000 men. Under the command of his own brother-in-law, Le Clerc, he appointed the generals who had won their spurs in his great campaigns: Dugua, the hero of the pyramids; Humbert, who led the invasion of Ireland; Rochambeau (second in command), a crusted racialist who told his troops that they had nothing to worry about since they were 'only fighting slaves'. 'I will not rest', said Napoleon, 'until I have torn the epaulettes off every nigger in the colonies.' The French army arrived in January 1802. A year later, it was reeling to defeat in all its garrisons. With their guerrilla tactics, their extraordinary endurance and horsemanship, the 'niggers of the colonies' proved more than a match for the French army. At the seige of Crete a Pierrot, 2,000 French soldiers were lost in an unsuccessful attempt to contain 800 former slaves.

Toussaint sought to end the war before too many lives were lost. He sued for peace, was tricked into negotiations, captured and shipped to France where he died in a dungeon in the Jura mountains. The head was off, Le Clerc triumphantly reported to Napoleon. Now the body could be mutilated. The success of the black army, he assumed, owed everything to its leader. It was his most serious miscalculation. The arrest of Toussaint proved to the former slaves that, in spite of all Le Clerc's denials, the French *did* mean to restore slavery.

As soon as the news broke, the fighting was resumed with an intensity and a courage which astonished all their opponents. Le Clerc himself wrote to Napoleon: 'They laugh at death. The men die with a fanaticism which is unbelievable. It is the same with the women.' In a few months, the French army was shattered. Le Clerc died of yellow fever. Rochambeau crawled out of the island after surrendering unconditionally. And slavery was never restored in San Domingo.

The ripples of the slave victory spread right through the Caribbean. In 1809, a conspiracy among the black slaves of Jamaica 'to establish a government similar to that of San Domingo' was uncovered just in time to suppress it. In 1813 and 1814, the small island of Dominica was paralysed by a war with self-liberated slaves in the mountains. On Easter Sunday 1816 a revolt broke out among the slaves of the plantations in Barbados. It was put down with terrible bloodshed, but the governor was forced to announce by proclamation that the days of slavery were numbered. He knew that he could not continue to enslave people in Barbados while the slaves of San Domingo were free. The merchants and planters were given time to find other ways to make their profits. Then slavery was abolished, and William Wilberforce was there to take the credit.

They made an epic film about Spartacus, the leader of the Roman slave revolt, because Spartacus was beaten. Toussaint L'Ouverture was victorious, so they haven't made a film about him (though it was the lifetime ambition of Eisenstein to do so). The story of the San Domingo slave revolt – perhaps the most glorious victory of the oppressed over their oppressors in all history – is hardly ever told. Wenda Parkinson's book is, therefore, hugely welcome. She tells the story clearly, spicing it with gossip which she has dug out of the archives in Port Au Prince. There is no doubt which side she's on. She is an unqualified admirer of Toussaint L'Ouverture, and he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strides boldly out of her book: short, black, middle-aged and ugly – tougher, wiser, more humane, a fairer administrator and a more trustworthy diplomat than all the white generals and politicians with whom he had to deal.

If I am disappointed, it is because I have read a much better book about the San Domingo slave rising, *Black Jacobins*, written in 1938 by the great West Indian author C. L. R. James. Ms Parkinson tells the story almost as though it was isolated in San Domingo. C. L. R. James bound it firmly to the great Revolution in France. In 1791, 1792 and 1793, for instance, Toussaint and the slave generals were suspicious of the French government. They knew that their rising had been sparked off by the *talk* of freedom which followed the French Revolution, but they noticed that the French leaders of the Revolution stopped at talk. For them, Toussaint noticed, liberty was wonderful if it led to the removal of feudal restrictions on trade. Even fraternity could be tolerated in small doses. But equality was a menace, especially when applied to the colonies. For two years, the revolutionary leaders in Paris refused even to contemplate the emancipation of the San Domingo slaves. So Toussaint made friends with the Spaniards, retreated into the Spanish half of the island, equipped and armed his men with Spanish guns and fought the French. Then suddenly, in March 1794, his attitudes changed. He swung his army over to the French and started to take the same towns for them which previously he had taken for the Spaniards.

Why? Because the French Revolution had changed. For the first time, the working masses of Paris were seeking a part in their government. They threw over the merchants who had dominated the Revolution, and demanded a new democracy which was, above all, accountable to them. With this change came a deep hatred of all aristocracy – and the racialism which sustained it in San Domingo. This is how C. L. R. James describes the reception in the French Convention of the three deputies from San Domingo in February 1794:

> Camboulas rose: 'Since 1789, the aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of religion have been destroyed; but the aristocracy of the skin still remains. That too is now at its last gasp and equality has been consecrated. A black man and a yellow man are about to join this convention in the name of the free citizens of San Domingo.' The three deputies of San Domingo entered the hall. The black face of Bellay and the yellow face of Mills excited long and repeated bursts of applause.

Racialism, which seems so intractable among working people during periods of oppression and despair, is the first prejudice to evaporate as their revolutionary confidence rises. On that same day, the convention passed a decree abolishing slavery, unanimously, without even a discussion. Far away in the San Domingo mountains, Toussaint L'Ouverture heard what was happening, identified his friends as the new leaders of revolutionary France and changed sides. He was, indeed, a Black Jacobin. When the Jacobins ran France, he was for France. When they were pushed out by reaction, he was forced to fight France. C. L. R. James explains this. Wenda Parkinson doesn't.

There is another even more important difference between the two approaches. Wenda Parkinson's adoration of Toussaint L'Ouverture spills over, as is usual, into criticism of his colleagues. She describes the black general Dessalines as 'rather a trumpery character'. Dessalines it was who, early in 1805, ordered the massacre of all remaining whites in San Domingo. This awful decree has been used often since as proof of the innate savagery of black rulers. C. L. R. James provides an important piece of information. At the independence celebrations at Gonalves in December 1803 there were three Englishmen present. One of them was Cathcart, a British intelligence agent. He told Dessalines that the British would trade with San Domingo and provide protection for their coasts *only if all the Frenchmen on the island were destroyed.* The British attitude was that they could assist a free San Domingo only if its fruits were not reaped by France, and, therefore, all trace of the connection between the islanders and the 'mother country' should be drowned in blood. Dessalines obliged, and the British capitalised on their success. When Dessalines was murdered by his own troops in 1806, he was succeeded as ruler of Haiti by Christophe, another of Toussaint's generals. Christophe was wooed by the British, who encouraged him to establish a monarchy. He made himself king and called himself Henry the First. He created four princes, seven dukes, thirty barons and ten knights. He built himself a palace more extravagant than anything even the planters had imagined. He crowned himself at a great feast, at which he drank the toast of 'my dear brother, George the Third'. The British strategy was to stunt the economic growth of Haiti by the restraint of its trade and, in the process, to turn its leaders into peacocks.

This technique, after several abortive discussions about restoring slavery, was later adopted by the French government. The wealth of Haiti was plundered, its rulers corrupted. Papa Doc Duvalier, the tyrant with a taste for satin, was set on his throne by the companies which robbed his country, and then held up by the same people as an example to all who believe that black people can govern themselves. The strategy spread to Africa. Ever since the British, the French and the Belgians found that they could no longer rule their colonies by force of arms, they enthroned their Bokassas, their Mobutus, their Amins and held them up to ridicule and contempt. The memory of Toussaint L'Ouverture is distasteful to such people, for Toussaint hated finery and flattery. He ruled in exactly the opposite way to that of Duvalier, Bokassa or Amin. His government showed that, when left alone, a people risen from the most horrible depths could govern themselves with more dignity and democracy than could all the imperial parliaments of Europe.

Wenda Parkinson dedicates her book 'to the citizens of the Republic of Trinidad and Tobago who, I believe, are proving that the dream of Toussaint L'Ouverture is indeed possible'. That is an insult to Toussaint. His dream went far beyond the suffocating capitalism now presided over by 'The Right Honourable Eric Williams' whom Wenda Parkinson thanks in her acknowledgments. Indeed, the aspirations of the San Domingo slave revolt have much more in common with the risings in Trinidad in 1970 *against* the Williams government.

The revolutionary energy and enthusiasm of *Black Jacobins* (and, to a lesser extent, of *Citizen Toussaint* by Ralph Korngold, a biographer of Robespierre, which the Left Book Club published in 1945) are vastly preferable to the more gentle account of Wenda Parkinson. C. L. R. James's and Ralph Korngold's books are not in print; Wenda Parkinson's *is* and it is well worth the money. Its master stroke is to reproduce on its back cover a poem, written in 1803, by Wordsworth, who, like many radicals of the time, followed the capture of Toussaint with anxiety and outrage. Wordsworth's poem is not often quoted in schools – it is not about daffodils. It is about Toussaint L'Ouverture and the indissoluble bond between his great rebellion and oppressed black people everywhere, from Johannesburg, to Bulawayo, to Brick Lane:

> Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
> Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
> Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
> Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den; –
> O miserable Chieftain! where and when
> Wilt thou find patience! Yet die not; do thou
> Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
> Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
> Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
> Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,
> and skies;
> There's not a breathing of the common wind
> That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
> Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Hilary Spurling

Bar Stools

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis by STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM *Gollancz* £5.50

Anyone who supposes hagiography to be yet another depressed trade these days may take heart from Stephen Birmingham, who is a dab hand at the contemporary equivalent of conjuring with saints' thighbones. His little manual somehow contrives to be at one and the same time a kind of iconoclast's vade-mecum and a faithful, even pious record of the miraculous doings and sayings of one whom he freely holds to be the most famous woman in the world now or ever (with the possible exception of Cleopatra). He is both loyal and earnest: indeed there is hardly a joke in the book unless you count Onassis's white whaleskin bar stools, made, according to their owner, from a whale's testicles; or Caroline Kennedy's reply, when asked her opinion of her stepfather, 'Well, he's away a lot.'

One of the problems with which Mr Birmingham has clearly had to contend is the fact that practically all the cats in his heroine's bag have been let out elsewhere and by other people. Her family's bogus ancestry, her father's dipsomania, her first husband's sexual irregularities and her second's attempts to cut her out of his will are already common knowledge. So, for all I know, is the million-dollar bribe said to have been given her by Joseph P. Kennedy in return for not divorcing his son (though Mr Birmingham's only evidence for this last claim seems to be that Ambassador Kennedy never actually denied it).

All these tribulations are handled with enthusiasm, but so smoothly that what one might call the penitential side comes to seem

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quite as essential to the legend as its more domestic aspects, like the exact replica of King Minos's bath installed (along with 42 telephones and a private plane) aboard the yacht *Christina*, or the fabulous sums doled out by Onassis to keep his wife in pin money. Her clothes allowance alone came to nearly double what it cost to maintain her entire retinue of servants and bodyguards; while details of the marriage contract suggest that by 1969 Jackie Kennedy had become, if not the most famous, quite possibly the most expensive woman the world has ever known (three million dollars down payment, tax free, with further instalments on a scale almost beyond accurate computation). Certainly the 173 clauses of this singular document sound like nothing so much as a dynastic marriage treaty, and there is something equally old-world about Onassis's subsequent, secret and entirely successful plot to impose on the Greek government an act specifically designed to disinherit his wife.

But Mr Birmingham is too subtle a hagiographer to waste more than a bald outline on genuine marvels of this sort. His special skills are reserved for making the reader gasp at altogether trickier stuff, such as the revelation that Mrs Onassis can at a pinch dial her own phone calls and wash her own knickers, operate a slot machine and eat yoghourt from a paper carton. He nowhere states that she is able to write her own name, but, since he doesn't actually deny it, most readers will probably take it that she can. Boldness in small matters is matched by a rather dashing reticence in large – so much so that, though Mr Birmingham spends five pages establishing the fact that his heroine once took a nap on a transatlantic flight, he simply skips President Kennedy's assassination. A talent of this order hardly needs a specific excuse for whipping up excitement when any old thing will do, as in this passage, with its urgent rhythms and ominous final drumbeat, on Jackie's father, Black Jack Bouvier, at 45:

> Fifty loomed. The famous trim figure had begun to paunch, and the ministrations of the sun lamp could not prevent the famous square jawline from developing jowls. The dark, pomaded hair had held, but there was greying at the temples. Adonis was growing old.

Virtuoso displays like this in large part sustain the book, for one of Mr Birmingham's most engaging features is his frank confession of almost total ignorance on almost every aspect of his subject's private life. At one point, speculating as to why she failed to turn up at one of her own parties, he offers ten different explanations ('or any combination of these explanations') for her non-appearance. Her inner workings remain otherwise as blank as Shakespeare's: no rows, no tears, no sex, no drink, drugs or depression and no internal conflict. The sole shortcomings turned up here are extravagance and bony feet. Gossip was forbidden under oath, and on pain of instant dismissal, in Jackie Kennedy's entourage. And it remains an impressive tribute both to her gift for privacy and to her biographer's ingenuity that, when it comes to proposing reasons for the collapse of her second marriage, he can come up with nothing more substantial than an admittedly worrying – even sickening – difference over food: 'Jackie preferred menus that included desserts such as *framboises à la crème Chantilly*. Ari liked his plates of raw onion slices.'

Graham Gibbs

Interminabilities

The Low Countries, 1780-1940 by E. H. KOSSMANN *Oxford* £15

A dog trained by Mr Alfred Collins, the great Wiltshire truffle-hunter, is claimed to have scented a truffle at 123 yards. E. H. Kossmann has an even keener scent for paradoxes, an almost Gilbertian taste for them, and in what he calls 'this capricious world' finds them in abundance. In his dazzling contribution to the Oxford History of Modern Europe, *The Low Countries, 1780-1940*, he has gathered flocks of paradoxes. There are paradoxes cold, nice, easily explained, non-disappearing, and double, together with contradictions galore – inner, internal, inherent, insoluble, brilliantly formulated, and queer; and there are declensions of paradoxes, somewhat paradoxical, extremely paradoxical in the highest degree. There are also elements of paradox, and, not inappropriately, they are to be found in the chronology of this book's publication, whose Dutch translation or, more accurately, Dutch version was published in 1976, two years before the original English edition.

A similar experience, as Kossmann records, befell the first volume of Henri Pirenne's *Histoire de la Belgique*, which came to be admired in Belgium as a national monument. It was studied by members of the royal family, made compulsory reading in military colleges, expounded by barristers in Brussels, awarded to schoolchildren as a prize for good examination results, and regarded as essential reading by the bourgeoisie in town and country and by the literary elite. Kossmann's work may not escape that fate altogether, and for the sake of his sales it is to be hoped that it doesn't, but even in a capricious world there seems little likelihood of its becoming a national monument in either Belgium or the Netherlands. It is not concerned to propound a specific thesis, nationalist or otherwise, and does not do so. All the same it is a monument, a book that will last, and one that will be essential reading, not only for students of the history of the Low Countries and of Europe in the late 18th, 19th, and 20th centuries, but as a model of comparative history.

Here is another curious turn of fate's wheel. Kossmann's commission was to write about 'two states in their entirety' which after 1830 became the separate kingdoms of Belgium and the Netherlands. (The form of words incidentally makes it clear at once that even though Kossmann's work proper begins more or less where Geyl's *Geschiedenis van de Nederlandse stam* left off, in 1798, it is in no sense a continuation of Geyl, who of course excluded the Walloon areas from his history of the Dutch-speaking provinces; and in truth the two historians are very far removed from each other.) Because his commission involved what he considered a somewhat arbitrary amputation of these two nations, 'cut out of the whole of Europe in the *centre* [my italics] of which they had been living for centuries', and also a rather odd conjunction of two states which had little sympathy for each other (Belgium, for most of the period covered, preferred to use French rather than Dutch in all matters of general interest), Kossmann has wished to present his work as primarily a study in comparative history. What began as a necessity, however, has been transformed not simply into a virtue but into a triumph. The undeniable arbitrariness of amputation has been lessened by Kossmann's constant alertness in referring and relating developments in the Low Countries to developments elsewhere in Europe. And despite the antipathy and indifference which characterised relations between the two countries for much of the period covered, their histories in fact were more closely connected than they had been in the 17th and 18th centuries, and prove to have been sufficiently similar, and yet dissimilar, in their political developments and general economic and cultural level to make comparative history possible. With the aid of Kossmann's alchemy, it becomes a very fruitful operation.

To his task – a veritable Pilgrim's Progress, in which the author has had to fight his way through the interminabilities of the war of the Spanish succession, the discussions in the 19th century about the limits of state interference in social life, the interplay of attraction and repulsion between politicians in the Netherlands after 1848, the questionings of Opzoomer, the years of liberal retreat in Belgium after 1880, and the discussions of Belgian and Netherlands defence in the same period – Kossmann has brought a marvellous talent for synthesis. He has an absolute command of the literature, old, new, and esoteric – the list of over 700 items in the bibliographical index, one of several advantages possessed by the English book over its Dutch version, includes the Latin dissertation of the Belgian liberal politician, Charles Rogier, the Latin of which is held to be poor. He has a force of originality which is never subdued by all the weight of erudition: a happy paradox in a work that tends to elevate Dutch lack of originality in the realm of political ideas almost to the level of a national characteristic. And there is some brilliant writing, lucid, elegant, sharp, mocking, witty, wicked, and sometimes deadly in its thrust, as in the puncturing of the Belgian Fascist Degrelle, whose 'voice could be impressively thunderous or tender when he spoke (as he almost always did) about small children and his own aged mother'. But no one escapes entirely unscathed and, though some evoke admiration, no one satisfies completely. Menno Ter Braak, however, to whom Kossmann devotes the closing words of his history, seems to come close: a quintessential intellectual, sceptical, individualistic, iconoclastic, but also conservative; and in the last resort perhaps a passionate moralist, who sought to argue 'that even a man who had abandoned all illusions and all dogmas can still defend "liberal" democracy and its system of values with perfect honesty and without cant', and who on the day of the Dutch capitulation, 14 May 1940, committed suicide. A cryptic end to a distinguished work.

Of course the book has its omissions, to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of which Kossmann himself draws attention. Thus the history of art and music have been excluded 'on principle', whatever that means; and literary history, as well as the history of philosophy and theology, has also been deliberately eschewed, though literature, philosophy, and theology are often invoked to illuminate a discussion. More seriously, in a work that describes itself in its Dutch version as a mainly political-social history, there is little social history. There are plenty of statistics, including one somewhat mangled set of percentages – 'not precise', it would seem, to two points of decimals – on the growth in the proportion of people not belonging to any church in the Netherlands between 1859 and 1879. But there is little about the 'social question' of the mid-19th century and, in the case of Belgium, even some uncertainty as to whether in Kossmann's view it constituted a great problem. There is also little about the life-style of the classes or the masses.

Moreover, in a work which never ceases to ask questions and is never afraid to offer answers, there are inevitably occasions when the answers do not convince, or simply raise other questions. If, for instance, colonial conservatism did not find much support in the Netherlands because only a small group of people benefited directly from conservative policies, why was it defeated only after long years of struggle? Kossmann himself provides an answer, but it is one which suggests that colonial conservatism took so long to defeat because its defeat was seen to involve large fiscal and political consequences. Sometimes too, both the posing of the problem and the answer seem open to question, as in the case of the debate on the nature of Dutch neutrality in 1915, involving the Commander-in-Chief, Snijders, and the Cabinet. According to Kossmann, the Cabinet ought to have sacked Snijders the moment he first expressed his divergent views on the nature of Dutch neutrality – i.e. early in 1915 – and it perhaps failed to do so because it felt that Snijders, a good soldier, would be difficult to replace. It is almost as if the interminability of the debate on defence has snapped Kossmann's patience at this point: it is difficult to see, from the document cited, that early in February Snijders was expressing a divergent view on the nature of Dutch neutrality, and even more difficult to see how he could have been sacked, then or thereafter, without bringing into the open divisions in the Cabinet, and risking a dispute with the monarch, when the overriding concern was to maintain national solidarity. But these are small matters, and even when Kossmann does not secure agreement, he always commands attention.

Abroad it is rumoured that the recent flow of works of synthesis on Dutch history in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries from English and American scholars has caused some Dutch historians to hang their heads in shame at the colonisation of their past. The present magisterial work, written by a historian who has been no mean coloniser himself, will surely do wonders for their morale.

Valentine Cunningham

Doing the Police

The Mutual Friend by FREDERICK BUSCH *Harvester* £4.95
Familiar Passions by NINA BAWDEN *Macmillan* £4.50
Talk to Me About England by PAUL FERRIS *Weidenfeld* £4.95
Running Dog by DON DELILLO *Gollancz* £4.95

It's some time since history came so grippingly fictionalised as it does in Frederick Busch's latest novel. His re-creation of Dickens's blackly possessed life and suicidal rampage towards death by Public Reading, *The Mutual Friend*, coolly steals the limelight of even the very best recent historical novels. It has J. G. Farrell's *The Siege of Krishnapur* down for a pinfall, and must win the submission it's claiming from Doctorow's *Ragtime*.

Here, amply revealed, is Dickens steam-training across insolent, hawking, gobbing America, and storming the great halls of England: pulse-rate skittering, gouty midget frame a-jump with melodrama, hyped up by murdering Nancy three times weekly. Here too, equally vividly broached, is the whole grisly tale of urban Victorian horrors – the fires, the blood, the night-soil merchants, the bodies of women fished out of an icy Thames, the dead babies shovelled on to undertakers' doorsteps, bartered flesh, workhouse sorriness and little boys in blacking factories – that kept the Inimitable shocked and fascinated.

Further, the astonishingly vivid grasp of Dickens and his world – enough by itself to make this fiction good – is by no means all. Busch also gives us Dickens modernistically re-read. And not just at simpler levels like Ellen Ternan's free way with Boz's 'great red sausage': more impressive is the novel's notion of Victorian England as Dickens's fiction. Continually writing what he sees, Dickens composes his age. It lives as he imagines it in the letters and readings that fill this novel, the words he lives in, the killing stories his public nightly locks him into. A modernist reading; and, of course, a modernist reader.

For Dickens, like Conrad's Leggatt, like Prufock, has his Secret Sharer, his evil other, the crooked Bealpost whose defence is that he too 'used my imagination to better myself'. What's more ('veels within veels, Samivel my boy', as the elder Weller put it), tour-manager Dolby also turns gradually into his master's double: his lamentable collapse into blacking-factory and poor-house an inverted replica of Dickens's climb from those depths. And as Dickens imagines Dolby, Dolby the toper, coughing towards the grave, slimy with the blood that thralled the Chief, imagines Dickens and all the rest. So, both 'do the police in different voices'. Fiction exists only within fiction, imaginers are only imagined. This most cunningly contrived of novels makes a vividly triumphant mix of old realism and newer modernism.

Pausing only for the gentlest glance at modernism's involuted dexterities – Hermione, crusty old lush of a romantic novelist, began her career, we're told, with fanciful fictions about the father of her child Bridie – *Familiar Passions* eschews beating about Busch's more boisterous sort of family passions. To be sure, the Welsh Mudds' love of loud, long-distance and protracted squabbling gets mentioned a good deal, but what we're actually shown most of is Bridie's quietly dignified coping with her husband's pushing off, her learning who her father really is, and meeting a nicely consoling solicitor. Bridie is not, of course, unmoved by the frights flotsamming around the bit of London she escapes to from her husband's suburbia – the winos, cripples, old ladies on benches with sad stories, the thuggish men who bruise and batter and feel her up. But survival means stoically carrying on, keeping up the small daily triumphs of the will. Means accepting what, most warmingly, this novel gives ample house-space to – the meagre and the diurnal.

Deep inside Paul Ferris's tightly bound grouch about England lurks an engaging tale about a journalist coming home from four years in a Polish nick for part-time spying to discover how simple national loyalties will no longer do. Even this loyalty business is a mite heavy-handedly done as Francis Jarre finds just everyone treacherous – his wife who's fallen for his boss, her brother the leaky civil servant, his secret service employers, their Soviet opponents, his brother who fornicates and smuggles and never asks questions, his sainted father, and finally himself. But this scarcely unleaden-mitted stuff looks airily gossamer beside the still weightier meanings it's intended to illuminate. 'England is a country that forges very powerful loyalties and then smashes them', we and Jarre keep being severely informed. And somehow the Arabs, the tourists, and the pastness of Shakespeare are to be read as powerful symptoms of decline. Grimly, there's no answer except perhaps the one – too awful to dwell on – implied in the novel's frequent return to Churchill's command-post and the message of the great man's crumbling pencils, his 'gnarled old voice' and the Navy League Map of the British Empire, bright red on the wall.

A lesson, by contrast, in how to compile a political thriller – smartly enigmatic, niftily cross-cut, bouncy with erotics, sudden deaths, and smartipants talk – is *Running Dog*, which wears its seriousness with fetching lightness Cinematically, indeed fast-movingly done, it celebrates our cineastic age where only what moves is alluring: and where what allures its pawn-dealers, villains, journalists, and secret service operators most is a rumoured sex-orgy movie shot in Hitlers's bunker. Inevitably disappointing, the old footage has Hitler doing Chaplin impressions for Goering's kiddies. 'Could he tell them history is true?' a dealer wonders. Hardly, the novel implies, in Kino America, where the real is merely a western reel.

Among this week's contributors:

CLIVE JAMES's new collection of essays, *At the Pillars of Hercules*, will be published by Faber next week.

E. J. HOBSBAWM's books include *The Age of Revolution 1789-1848*, *The Age of Capital 1848-1875* and *Industry and Empire*.

GRAHAM GIBBS is Reader in European History at Birkbeck College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Julian Barnes

Land of Lost Content

Strident, wilful and humourless are not the first words one reaches for to describe an Alan Bennett play; but one or other of them might shuffle shyly into the brain at the mention of Lindsay Anderson. The Bennett drama season on LWT continued with *The Old Crowd*, directed by Anderson; or rather, 'directed' by Anderson, since few opportunities were allowed to pass when you weren't in a state of forced consciousness that this was to be no mere play filled with actors exchanging words. Not for nothing did Bennett, in his coy little ad for the play, refer to it twice as 'Lindsay Anderson's *The Old Crowd*', a wry disclaiming of responsibility if ever I heard one. I can't remember a more raucous travesty of a play, or a more wasteful misuse of talented and expensive actors. It's hard to work out just how much of the original Bennett script survived, but a recent interview gives some indication of the changes wrought. Asked – in best *Time Out* style – if his play was 'about the disintegration of Britain', Bennett replied:

> I think it's become much more about that, because Lindsay thinks things are *always* breaking down . . . and he's very keen on guns and things – he's put a lot of that in. Originally it was about a sad bunch of people who get together and do things like singing old Beatles records . . . but then someone pointed out that now the people are too old for that . . . and it's become about Lindsay's generation . . . He also took out a lot of the jokes . . . Lindsay's always on about wanting things to be epic.

Some of this sounds like canny self-defence (though hasn't Bennett enough heft to argue for his own play as written?); the rest is a warning gloss on the supposedly creative friction between playwright and director.

Vaguely detectable beneath the overlay of 'direction' was a quiet play about a reunion of old friends at which a few things go wrong, culminating in the death of one of their number; every so often a potentially comic Bennett line – 'If someone's been given three months to live you can't very well say choose your own loose covers', 'Someone was telling me that the thing to do now is to sell money' – peeped out and reminded us of the distant author. But more often the only cracks were literal, epic cracks suddenly opening up in ceilings (this happened several times); menace and violence lurked, plus arbitrary sex; while the actors, encouraged to overact, might as well have been drilled by Malcolm Allison. Which of the following episodes sounds to you like unalloyed Bennett: Rachel Roberts barking and howling like a dog at a young man sitting on a mantelpiece; a hired waiter, having thrown the guests' coats on to the floor (a not unexplained gesture, since the furniture hasn't arrived yet) then starts kicking them savagely; the same waiter, given the eye by Jill Bennett, crawls on all fours under the dinner table, removes her shoe, takes a pair of scissors out of his pocket, snips away at the foot of her stocking, and starts gnawing her big toe. Significantly, none of these episodes involved the use of words – a medium of which Bennett has, in other plays, been quite fond.

One could see the effect Anderson was aiming at – a version of Buñuel's *Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* in which the participants rigidly retain their bourgeois manners in the face of things going wrong: a device with comic – and serious – possibilities. But apart from Anderson not being Buñuel, there's the matter of him picking as wrong a script as possible on which to try and make the transition. The result was ferociously self-indulgent, not least in that stale old device – remember it from *Oh Lucky Man*? – of including shots of the camera crew and the director's gallery. I've always had doubts about this tedious alienation technique, whether used in theatre, cinema or television; on the whole, if there's one thing that most theatregoers, having been trampled in the foyer and rooked by the choc-ice girl, don't need reminding of, it's that they're actually in the theatre and 'only' watching a play. In *The Old Crowd* the TV crew popped up several times. When the dinner-party host shows a guest round his house, he is asked, 'You're not overlooked?' – whereupon the camera pans on and there, squinting in through a gap between the sets, is a dense gaggle of technicians. They *are* overlooked after all, you see – all the time, and we are chumps to try and ignore this fact about art. This drab device has no logical ending-point, however: why stop at the technicians? After all, are not both the actors and the technicians also overlooked by the critics? So why not have a shot of a critic on his viewing couch grumpily scribbling acerbities with his Sunlight Electric Pen; and then (via, say, a smart cut to a hot-metal compositor) a shot of the newspaper reader overlooking the critic overlooking the technician overlooking the actor? Let's open it all out, let's get rid of all the traditional artifices of art. Then we'll get to true reality, won't we?

At least in Dennis Potter's *Blue Remembered Hills* (Play for Today, BBC-1), the central eccentricity – that of adult actors playing children – was of the playwright's own devising. It sounded something which might come woefully unstuck; surprisingly, from the moment Colin Welland – a perfect whingeing fat boy in elephantine grey shorts and braces – came galumphing into view, regally sploshing across a muddy pool and whining through the long grass like a Stuka, the ploy seemed natural and unjarring. Potter craftily eased it along by not introducing any real adults, and by setting it all in the open air, so that no absurdities of scale occurred. As a result, the advantages of the device – no embarrassing child actors, plus the availability of the magnified acting and emotional range of adults – flourished unhindered. The children seemed colourful, richly characterised, overemphatic like Dickens children, but never false or coy. The actors regressed finely, and with discipline: Michael Elphick and Robin Ellis even managed to fight in that hopeless, swinging, off-balance, sporadically effective way children do; and for once, though offered the opportunity, Helen Mirren didn't show her knickers.

Potter's Secret Seven, left to their own vices on a sunny summer's day of 1943, were not Arcadians. Their land of lost content – the Housman poem was quoted in Potter's ironic voice-over at the end – was as suddenly shifting and full of fears as one remembers. From the simple plot-line of a day's events in the woods, Potter drew out extraordinarily well the volatile loyalties of pre-pubescent children; their group treachery, fear of unorthodoxy and love of rules ('You can't be the RAF while I be waggling me wings'); their giggling, mocking, strangely haughty view of adult life; their obsession with things being dead; their relaxed, conscienceless persecution of the weak and the simple; their cupidity, their understanding of and delight in blackmail; and their confident half-ignorance about sex.

In Potter's version, children are indeed nasty, brutish and short; they are also sentimental, quixotic and capable of a version of courage: they aren't exactly what Evelyn Waugh called them, 'defective adults', rather, they are adults in a purer form: a contention emphasised by the choice of grown-ups to play them. The production was unimprovably good – even the music (Marc Wilkinson) had an appropriate Beano jauntiness. When I watched this play in a preview theatre, the (presumably ritual) call of 'Milton wants a synopsis' was answered by a dismissive (and presumably also ritual) call of 'It's all about Dennis Potter's childhood – ends in tears.' What childhood doesn't? And yet who but Potter, on the way there, could handle in such a convincing and funny way that mix of roaring cruelty, calculating friendship and directionless exhilaration?

Sport

Russell Davies

Blacklist

If anybody has the right to suggest a testimonial game between a team of black players and a team of white, it is certainly Ron Atkinson of West Bromwich Albion; for in addition to building three black players into heroes of the Midlands (which in an ideal world would be nothing remarkable but in the Midlands isn't bad going), he is himself coloured, even according to my rather undemonstrative Japanese TV set; a lively shade of lobster pink. In an era when football managers as a breed are looking increasingly pinched and wary, Atkinson's face stands out as a glowing beefy monument to the sins and satisfactions of the self-made man. He is a natural Victorian autocrat and bounder, and would look well in Isambard Kingdom Brunel's stovepipe hat, but with a background of champagne bottles instead of chains.

He certainly makes Brian Clough's rhetori-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal style of public relations look more than usually like medieval religious fanaticism; yet there is an element of Cloughish faith in the way Atkinson has stuck by his full-back, Batson, bringing him over from the wastes of Cambridge and building him into a thoroughly reliable and purposeful First Division player. Clough's protegé John McGovern was almost laughed out of the game at one stage (his curious style of running, as though roller skating on ice, encouraged the mockers); and Batson's career could easily have died a similar death had it not been for his manager's support. I well remember Arsenal trotting Batson out as a spring-heeled centre-back – and even, I see from my programmes, as an experimental number nine against QPR in October 1973 – where he was not a success. One show-stopping error in front of goal remains in my mind as one of those rare instances when one could feel a thrill of dreadful unanimity running through the Press Box. In a dull match, at last a story. Black boy's horrible goof gives game away! I don't recall treating Batson's performance with any more sympathy than anybody else, and I only hope he now regards the chorus of blame and ridicule, which surely hastened him on to the transfer list, as a blessing in disguise.

About this idea of Atkinson's, the Black and White testimonial show on behalf of Len Cantello, there seems to be no unanimity at all. The best-intentioned folk cannot agree on the best way of having good intentions. West Brom's local race relations people have deemed the plan 'tasteless' or, at best, 'an innocent error'. One can see their point of view. Black v. White contests have an unfortunate history, mainly the fault of boxing, where the body-to-body antagonism can be interpreted as a racial conflict by any literal-minded yob who cares to buy a ticket. Boxing in this country is still tinged with such nastiness, the more so since black boxers are held to be 'uncommercial'. (Was Dave 'Boy' Green brought in with unusual haste to separate non-crowd-pulling Henry Rhiney from his European title, or am I over-reacting?)

Meanwhile America, or part of it, is still looking for its Great White Hope, the latest and possibly most horrific candidate being the 'controversial' South African Kallie Knoetze. This brutishly imposing figure makes an obvious appeal to racists, since he comes to the ring as an ex-policeman with a record of having shot a black arrestee, under debatable provocation, in both legs. The most wildly imaginative wrestling promoter would be pushed to cook up a more inflammatory legend for his latest villain/hero. Knoetze's physique, it so happens, completes the picture, for he is a walking celebration of top-heavy muscle. There is no rhythm to what he does in the ring, but glancing carelessly at the shoulders he does it with, you could be forgiven for believing he had a side of frozen beef draped over them. I do not look forward to the symbolic contests that are doubtless being arranged even now between angry black heavyweights (some of them conveniently on the decline, I dare say) and this mountain of rock-hard white-supremacist suet.

Obviously, what the Sandwell Community Relations Council wishes to avoid in expressing its anxieties about the Cantello football game is the possibility of providing racial prejudices with this kind of focus. It is easiest and safest to keep the problem spread thin: a matter of having one coloured player at a time booed and gorilla-hooted on Saturday afternoons by an odd few hundred untutored oafs. But at the same time, the black players now involved in League football are conscious of themselves as new historical arrivals in the British game; they are anxious to encourage one another through the difficult decade that must pass while a treacle-witted public gets used to their presence; and as professionals they are keen, probably above all, to demonstrate that a very good and entertaining black side can already be assembled from the four Divisions. Any team that can squeeze in Batson, Anderson, Hazell, Crooks, Hilaire, Regis, Blissett and Cunningham will certainly not be much interested, I suspect, in back-passes to the keeper. (As a matter of interest, though, is there a top class black goalkeeper available yet? The Indian-born Kevin Keelan has been mentioned to me as a possible, but on the whole I think his attractive tan must be put down not to genes but to 20 long years of getting browned-off with Norwich defence.)

A quick and baldly logical way of defusing Len Cantello's explosive fund-raising soirée would be to restructure the opposition. If it is true – as all we well-intentioned folk agree – that 'coloured players' ought to be, and will eventually be, a largely meaningless category, like 'knock-kneed players' or 'players with no front teeth', then the sensible thing would seem to be to play the black team off not against West Brom Caucasians but against a side organised according to some equally arbitrary or meaningless convention. What about a Bald team, for example – led out by Ron Atkinson himself (his rush-matting hair-style dashed aside in the name of charity) and starring Charlton, Coates, Noble, Mancini, Kendall, McLaughlan? A Bandy-Legged team, built around the Hibbitts? A Bearded team, not a bad side if men like Bonds, Burns, Chivers and Gemmill should happen to be shunning the Wilkinson this winter. Then there's Hales – talking of whom, it might be salutary to look beneath the skin a little and come up with a Very Bad-Tempered team, a glowering mob of Storeys, Smiths and Hunters (N), whipped into line by Ball.

Any number of teams suggest themselves – and a Red-Headed team might even win – but though they are fun to choose and contemplate, these notional line-ups clearly only insult the real urge to solidarity that must now exist among coloured players. Though it may not feel much like one, this is an advantage they will enjoy for some time over many of us poor old pink, beige, grey and khaki Britons: they have a real sub-British identity to play for, like the Yorkshiremen at cricket and the Welsh at rugby. As usual the cultural problem turns out to be not with the minority at all but with the crumbling self-image of the majority. England feels threatened by its own heterogeneity; and indeed, 'Come on the non-Blacks!' is not the most heart-warming of slogans. Led by the crowds at WBA, people will realise this in the end.

Tom Disch

Waking in a Strange Apartment

A table of walnut veneer, my second cup
of instant coffee, and three crinkly petunias
David picked in his brick garden to send
over here.
I try to read my manual on
motorcycle engines:
the clutch, when disengaged, allows
'an infinite degree of slip'. Some people
understand the way things work; the rest
of us
just float along and trust to luck
and the good faith of our repairmen.
Ed is getting up. Today he finds out
whether or not he has leukemia.

Sport – 2

Albert Hunt

Ashes to Ashes

Nothing has been more striking about the press coverage of recent cricket events in Australia than the treatment of the Packer World Series matches by the regular cricket correspondents. Before the season began, it was confidently predicted that Packer would never survive the competition of a fight for the Ashes. In fact, while attendances at England matches have been half those on the last tour, Packer crowds have been growing: 50,000 spectators cheered Packer's Australians to victory over a West Indian side in a limited-over floodlit cup game in Sydney; 40,000 attended a similar match in Melbourne; and Packer's first Sydney supertest attracted more people than the official First Test in Brisbane. After the disappointments of last season, Packer's progress has, in fact, been spectacular.

The official explanation is that Packer is capturing people through showbiz publicity. The explanation has been widely offered by those who have been busy selling the England team. Ever since the team arrived the Australian cricketing public has been assured that this was the best English pace attack since the war, that Taylor was a better wicket-keeper than Knott, that the English spinners were more devastating than Laker and Lock, and that Brearley is not so much a captain as a magician. As the series progressed, Hogg became another Lillee. Generally, the impression was put about that a young and promising Australian side could be defeated by these England supermen, and still remain young and promising.

The Australian cricketing public hasn't been fooled. To understand why, it's only been necessary to switch over from ABC's coverage of the official Tests to Channel 9's presentation of World Series Cricket. English readers might be forgiven for assuming that the cricket shown on Channel 9 doesn't look like cricket at all. Henry Blofeld, in his book *The Packer Affair* (Collins £5.95) talks of caps that make the players 'faintly ridiculous, in an *Alice in Wonderland* way'. Tony Lewis, in the *Sunday Telegraph*, writes of Packer batsmen shell-shocked by bouncers, and quotes Barry Richards as joking that soon World Series

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cricket would be played only by fast bowlers and batsmen in armour:

> No fielders will be necessary because the batsman will be unable to run in his protective gear. Circles around the square to the boundary will determine the runs scored by each blow.

In fact, World Series Cricket on television is virtually indistinguishable from the traditional game, especially when Underwood is bowling, Knott keeping wicket, and Benaud and Trueman commentating. The difference lies in the presentation, which is of a far higher standard than any we've seen in England, and in the fact that the best players in the world are on display. And it's this, rather than any razmattaz, that's attracting people increasingly to Packer matches.

Henry Blofeld assumed that Australians would never identify with a team wearing 'screeching gold' caps. Only players in baggy green caps could bring 'the Hill screaming to its feet' (a screaming crowd is apparently acceptable if it's traditional – crowds at Packer games bay for blood).

Tony Lewis shares Blofeld's assumption. Of the Packer players he says, 'Theirs is a sporting existence without the heroism of a national cause.' The assumption might seem quite reasonable in the Members' Room at the Melbourne Cricket Ground – all faded photographs, and no women allowed. But in the bars of the Melbourne pubs where I watched the first two official Tests on colour TV, the assumption seemed not only remote but astonishingly arrogant.

Again and again, the drinkers round the TV assured me that we Pommies were only winning because we were playing the second team. The drinkers weren't whingeing: they were offering facts. If we'd beaten a team that included the Chappells, Lillee, Marsh, Walker and Gilmour, then at least we'd have beaten the best. As it was, the result was meaningless. Blofeld had said that Australians wouldn't be able to take Packer cricket seriously, because the result didn't matter. But to the drinkers in the bars, the result of the Ashes games didn't matter. Nobody could take the defeat of Yallop's team seriously. The 'real' Australians were the ones who were dishing it out to the 'real' champions of the world – Packer's West Indians. The men who told me this didn't belong to the section of the Packer crowd that, according to the press, has been drawn by the razmattaz. They were experienced cricket followers, who knew mediocrity when they saw it.

The cricket establishment, and the writers who support it, insist that the only 'real' cricket is that which is recognised as real by them. But in Melbourne an England batsman who hasn't yet signed for Packer had a more realistic definition of what's 'real'. Sure, he said, the Packer game is a circus. A circus is surrounded by razmattaz, and Packer cricket has plenty of that. But if, in a circus, the lion bites off the lion-tamer's head, that's for real. And if you're batting when Lillee is running up to bowl – that's for real, too.

The sooner establishment cricket begins to take Packer for real, the sooner we'll have real Test Matches again. It's not likely to happen unless cricket correspondents stop acting as apologists for traditional cricket, and start reporting all cricket, including World Series Cricket, with the seriousness that tennis writers bring to reporting professional tennis.

Films

John Coleman

Why Me?

Damien – Omen II (X) *Leicester Square Theatre*
Somebody Killed Her Husband (A) *Odeon, Marble Arch*
Foul Play (A) *Plaza 1; Classic, Oxford Street; ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue and Fulham Road*
Magic (X) *Odeon, Haymarket*
Ashanti (AA) *Odeon, Leicester Square*

There was a little laughter at the press show of *Omen II* the other day: yet, considering the banality of much of Stanley Mann's and Michael Hodge's dialogue, we were amazingly respectful on the whole. On reflection, I suspect chief credit for this suspension of mirth should go to the production designers, Philip M. Jefferies and Fred Harpman and their minions, as well as to Bill Butler for some stunning photography. Simply, we were overawed by a slap-up display of how and where the very, very rich Americans live. The first *Omen* left Damien, the child anti-Christ, sinisterly in the bosom of the White House. Since then, he seems to have gone one better, having been adopted by the Chicago-based Thorns (William Holden and Lee Grant) as their nephew; and the Thorn industrial fortunes – they are into everything, but worldwide land appropriation with the apparent aim of stemming famine through their new fertilisers is likely to be their next and largest coup – are visually expressed in luxurious mansions, private woods, clouds of servants evidently calculated to make us both drool at the mouth and leave our minds go hang. And there is one wide-screen composition, distanced figures on a great stretch of ice, fixed in despair after a Thorn associate has drowned during an impromptu game of hockey, that can only recall Breughel.

Significantly, the dead man was against the fertiliser-famine scheme as unethical, in opposition to its up-and-coming proponent, coolly played by Robert Foxworth. This latter fellow, it soon emerges, is merely one of a band of Damien-devotees; and the two pretty slight strands of interest in this sequel to the initial money-spinner may be found in identifying just who these folk are (there are several) and in anticipating who is to die next, and how. The how is more fun than the who, because that is anyone that cottons on to Damien's origins. This time round, a giant blackbird takes over from the menacing black hound of the original. Whenever it perches on a wintry branch or flies in the window, Jerry Goldsmith's score really takes Orff. All hinges here on an opening sequence, where an ageing archaeologist in Israel finds, to his horror, that an underground wall-painting of the anti-Christ is a ringer for Damien: he persuades a sceptical colleague to come and see – and the whole place immediately crumbles about them. (Theirs may be merely appetisers for a whole menu of deaths, but I fail to see why Leo McKern and Ian Hendry are nowhere credited.)

Young Damien, pushing 13 when he will come into his powers fully, is at a military academy, his best friend, Mark, the Thorn son. Jonathan Scott-Taylor, shortish, good-looking, largely unsmiling, has most of his work done for him by surrounding events as the devil-child, but he genuinely achieves a couple of moments of pathos: once, when he rushes through autumnal leaves to a grey lake's edge, to howl, 'Why? Why *me*?'; again, in a last encounter with Mark in a snowy forest, when he pleads with his friend to join him, unavailingly – the lad dies, clutching his head, screaming wildly. The best single moment is probably a doctor's discovery that not only is Damien's cell structure inhuman: looking through a microscope, leafing through a medical volume, he apprehends it is that of a jackal. This is funny. Among the manners of dying, the most picturesque is the one under the ice, the nastiest a pertinacious lady journalist having her eyes pecked out by that damn bird and then stumbling in front of a truck, the most hair-raising that of the doctor, plummeting down in a berserk elevator and getting neatly sliced in half by a rogue electric cable. The end, which has a predictable twist, leaves us on Damien's frozen, expressionless face. For once, I am praying against a thaw.

Lamont Johnson's *Somebody Killed Her Husband* also has corpses galore, five not counting the script, which is by Reginald Rose. To be absolutely fair, as always, Mr Rose's work is not quite lifeless: there is some small display of ingenuity in the plotting and I recall, though for different reasons, about four lines. The first, oddly enough, lends a fresh slant to that cry of Damien's. Jerry (Jeff Bridges) works in the toy department at Macy's, though his real ambition in life is to write a children's book. Into his working quarters one fine day wanders Jenny (Farrah Fawcett-Majors), pushing a baby chair containing tiny winsome Benjamin. It is love at first sight for both of them, he half-trapped in an affair with a wacky co-worker, she married to a rich, go-getting insurance man and prize bore. They share sandwiches in the park and, before you can say Reginald Rose, he is stunned to learn she reciprocates his instant affection: 'Why *me*?', he stammers. 'Why you? Why *me*?' she ripostes. After the winsome bliss of this prelude, they are soon enjoying a take-away Chinese dinner at her place when her husband unexpectedly returns with a client he was supposed to be wining and dining. Panic stations, and all the more so when they hear the other man leave and decide to confront hubby hand in hand *and* then find hubby with a knife in his back on the kitchen floor.

The loving couple have already been spotted together, even embracing, by some weirdo neighbours from a balcony across the way: Jerry decides the only thing to do is *not* to tell the police. He will solve it himself. Deeper and deeper they get; a phoney detective calls; Jerry finds the strange neighbours (John

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wood and Tammy Grimes, both excellent) are bugging Jenny's apartment. He manfully clambers round what he calls 'Good Neighbour Gothic' railings in order to bug their place in turn, muttering about 'instant death plus prolonged screaming on the way down'. Arrived, our trepid hero (Mr Bridges does all any man could to save the proceedings) stumbles on the odd couple also knifed to death. From here on, you are on your own. There is a recklessly thrown-away finale in a basement storeroom filled with giant toy animals, including a superb flying dragon, which Hitchcock would have brought off standing on his silhouette. Miss Fawcett-Majors looks lovely and, one is glad to hear, has considerable outside business interests.

More relishable, since it is more honestly zany, is Colin Higgins's first feature, *Foul Play*. Gloria Mundy (hohum), an improbably gorgeous San Franciscan librarian in the somehow rounded-out and maturer Goldie Hawn, gets caught up in what turns out to be a plot to assassinate the visiting Pope during a performance of *The Mikado*. Memories of *The Man Who Knew Too Much* may be stirred, though one suspects they are more likely to be shaken by what follows, which entails: a chap, who has planted some microfilm in a cigarette packet, dying in Gloria's arms during an Alan Ladd movie, murmuring 'beware of the dwarf'; an albino bad guy; other baddies; Chevy Chase rather good as an unusually credulous cop; a girl friend who kits Gloria out with several anti-rape items that later come in useful; an innocuous dwarf hurtling down a flight of stairs in a churn; and one of those crazy chases (not Chevy) of which I have by now had sufficient until, say, 1984. Dudley Moore is given some wretched business to do: his movie career has been a tragedy of waste.

Richard Attenborough's *Magic* has, of course, had us all reminiscing about the Ealing *Dead of Night* episode where ventriloquist Michael Redgrave got mind-handled by his doll. William Goldman has now scripted his own novel and, given that bits of the outcome have merit, the whole is no great shakes. Corky (Anthony Hopkins, an actor I deeply admire) starts out as a timid card manipulator. Time passes and he acquires a new gimmick, a lewd dummy known as 'Fats': there is some bitter, clever stuff around here. Then Corky, required to take a medical before a TV special, lights out for his childhood haunts, ending up in the Catskills. Peggy Ann Snow (Ann-Margret), a youthful flame, is there, unhappily married and ready to fall for him. This is not unfamiliar film territory and it is from now on that only Ann-Margret, who just gets better all the while, breathes a flutter of life and warmth into things. There is a murder: Fats betrays his 'master' about a trick he had both taught her and played upon her. There can only be tears before bedtime, a dying fall, and nearly (so foreseeable have events become) the odd yawn or two. I am sorry about this, in that it is a movie a lot of me wanted to like a lot more. As for *Ashanti*, all I shall say is that the plot thickens: and, yeth, I am lithping. Next week, an adverse report on Sylvester Stallone's *Paradise Alley*.

NEXT WEEK

Frank Kermode on Robert Conquest, Anthony Thwaite on Clive James's essays, John Bayley on Blok.

Theatre

David Harsent

Sceptred Aisle

Sherlock Holmes and the Riddle of the Royal Regalia *Young Vic*

Dear Harsent, Good of you to ask me to act as your deputy at the Young Vic dramatisation of the Regalia debacle. I was glad to have the opportunity to review the case again in encapsulated form, and to enjoy the spectacle of my brother and that nincompoop Watson, as depicted by the actors Philip Bowen and Tim Thomas, taxing their brain cells in pursuit of a solution to the mystery which, as you well know, I was able to unravel by a simple ratiocinative process in the course of the few, grey hours between luncheon and dinner.

I was at my club, composing an unpublished letter to *The Times* on the subject of the Fourth Man, on the day when Sherlock visited me with news of the Case. It was clear from his unnaturally dilated pupils and the extensive graze on the left side of his jaw that, though the advance on his retainer had been all but spent, young Sherlock was far from reaching any kind of conclusion about the crimes that had shocked the Nation.

You will remember that Her Majesty's Jubilee year was marred by the theft of those most precious symbols of dominance, the orb and sceptre. How was the villainy effected? How could our Empire's prize, the Crown Jewels, come to be 'missing items' in a case of common larceny? The playwright, Philip Woods, was as much confused as the rest of us by such questions; and to obviate the need for exposition, seized on the convenient, if somewhat feeble, device of a magic lantern show in order to make us aware of the theft.

This conceit also enabled him to introduce, en passant, a number of our principals and suspects: Lord Bognor it was who acted as lecturer, Lady Diana Ffoulkes Ffrench operated the picture machine, and the Marquis of Bosworth accompanied the display on the pianoforte. HRH also attended, in the person (so to speak) of the actress Linda Polan; the audience was made to stand as she passed down the aisle – a moment which seemed, to me at any rate, to call for vast forbearance on the part of those who (unlike myself) had paid to watch the entertainment.

Bognor had composed a somewhat tiresome elucidation of our National Heritage. A slide of the Crown Jewels was shown; the lights were extinguished by an unseen hand; and when order had been restored the slide was seen to lack the orb and sceptre. Graphic, I suppose, but, in truth, neither amusing nor original. It served, nonetheless, to permit those present to meet my brother and Watson – the latter taking, as is his wont, the role of narrator. It was clear, from the play's inception, that Mr Woods's intention was to lampoon his characters; and while I felt it impossible to indulge in more than a secret smile (under cover of darkness) when our Queen was forced to don tweeds and a false moustache in order to foil a would-be assassin, or was seen to swill liquor in moments of stress, I was provoked to chuckle at the extravagant caricatures of Sherlock and his chronicler.

Having said that much, however, I should add that Mr Woods is not a person much given to understatement. Sherlock's deductive methods – the result of my own dogged tutelage incidentally – are satirised by a crude method of over-emphasis which is effective initially, but demonstrates the playwright's uninventiveness when used – as it is – to excess. Mr Bowen's 'version' of my brother is a frenziedly hyperactive creature, a caricature in more than manner with his glaucous eye and farcically aquiline nose. As the plot thickens, and members of the British aristocracy are slaughtered on their demesnes, much humour is garnered from Sherlock's puerile delight in disguise (a predilection dating from early childhood). It is clumsily done, and carelessly exploited. I confess, though, that I was much delighted when Watson was forced to impersonate, variously, a sheepdog, a tar and a piano-tuner's assistant; and pleased, too, that the audience was entertained by his invariable inability to follow my brother's sudden synaptic leaps – even when they were made in the direction of inept malapertness.

Less pleasing were Mr Woods's rather transparent borrowings from other sources. HRH's famous 'We are not amused', now made threadbare by usage, is employed in order to be followed by the well-worn exchange: 'Just a little joke', and then the expected riposte 'Very little!'. Weak; without doubt, weak. Nor could I believe that the audience was much confused as to the outcome of the mystery and the identities of the miscreants: clues lay about the stage of the Young Vic like droppings behind a Hansom cab. All in all, I left the theatre feeling that I had been no more than momentarily distracted.

I remain, Yrs truly,
Mycroft Holmes

Radio

Peter Porter

Night Line

Over the last weekend, what the BBC describes as 'the long-awaited separation' of Radios 1 and 2 took place. For the first time in British history a 24-hour continuous broadcasting service is available all over the country. So here we go, throwing away more of our precious inheritance in order to become just like everywhere else in the world. It is very unpopular to suggest that there is too much broadcasting already. More stations, networks and services (the BBC's Ceefax for instance) mean more jobs for broadcasters, technicians and administrators. The whole communications business is tooling up for what the planners and professional worriers term 'the problem of leisure'. I find I have only a very limited appetite for public-service broadcasting. There must be many people who don't need to know that a lorry has broken down at New Cross at three in the afternoon. Nor is every interrogator with a Uher necessarily well equipped to investigate the moral dilemmas of our time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radio is an excellent medium for the exercise of choice, for that selective presentation of sound and image which we call art. At the present rate, we shall soon be buried daily under an avalanche of facts, unless we have all become broadcasters ourselves in the meantime. Listening will then have to be made compulsory, as a form of National Service. Having to compete for space on a wavelength improves professional standards, and there seems to me little reason to be thankful for the proliferation of stations and the longer hours on the air. Meanwhile, Charles McLelland, Radio 2's Controller, promises that his through-the-night service will not be for insomniacs only, but 'will aim to entertain and inform all those people whose working day is the night'. The rather daunting title of his programme for the unsocial hours (2 to 5 a.m.) is *You and the Night and the Music*. Radio 1 will also get a stiffening of current affairs programmes and will gain its first ever phone-in.

Radio 3's *Caribbean Evening* was a great success and exuded a confident homogeneity which previous single-subject evenings or weekends, such as those devoted to the North of England and Italy, lacked. Much of this was due to the presenter, the Jamaican Jeremy Verity, whose enthusiasm and good sense, coupled with his beautiful broadcasting voice, brought such themes as the roots of reggae and stories of the spiderman Anansi fully to life. A programme called *Calypso as Comment* revealed the extraordinary degree of sophistication possible when the calypso is used as a political instrument. I must rise above my obsession with Brecht as a propagandist, but I found myself thinking that he could have learned a lot from these innocent-shrewd song-makers.

The heart of the evening was Derek Walcott's play *Pantomime*, another lesson to European didacticists. It inverted the relationship of Robinson Crusoe and Friday with gentle wit and immaculately-placed irony – something wholly removed from the heavy-handed paradox of Adrian Mitchell's treatment of the same theme. Walcott's poetry tends to display multi-coloured tail feathers in a virtuosic fashion, and I was therefore surprised and delighted by both the depth of his insights into the master/man relation of Crusoe/Friday (either white or black on top with little significant change) and the curbs he imposed on his affection for metaphor. It was, in fact, one of the most beautifully written plays I have heard, and Robert Lang and Norman Beston relished every word they were to speak. It seems that the people of the Caribbean have managed to save their art from the twin disasters of nationalism and academicism.

Stephen Poliakoff's *City Sugar* (Radio 3) must have been hard to make a success of on the stage. As a put-down of the world of the disc jockey, it was naturally well-suited to broadcasting. Too well, perhaps, since a quick flip to Capital brought you back to the real thing, which is both more humane and more stultifying than Mr Poliakoff's caricature. Menace becomes cliché after a few minutes unless its presentation is extremely well judged, as also do anti-Utopian demonstrations of the manipulation of man (woman in this case, a hapless helper in a Supermarket who enters a competition to spend a night with a pop star, which is being promoted by a commercial station in Leicester – why Leicester I don't know). Playwrights seem willing to follow the piping of Pinter into an echo-chamber of the mind where human nastiness is only exceeded by human credulity. *City Sugar* should be sealed away for 100 years as a valuable document of 1970s self-hatred.

BBC broadcasting archaeology carries on not exactly regardless. *Goodnight Children Everywhere* (Radio 4) told the story of *Children's Hour*, the axing of which in 1964 caused questions to be asked in Parliament. It was a success story of sweetness and light, and could hardly continue when those commodities went out of fashion. In Tom Vernon's presentation, the programme was informed with a strong sense of class. Reith welcomed *Children's Hour* as 'a happy alternative to the squalor of the streets and backyards'. Club members recited a catechism which included the words, 'I am a radio sunbeam, I promise to do my best to be happy . . . to look for beauty in books' – all a million miles from the world of *City Sugar*, but perhaps only a thousand from Tony Blackburn. And it found a place for skill and mastery: Norman Shelley as Winnie the Pooh, for example.

There are a couple of trailers I think worth running – Sir Ernst Gombrich begins a series of four talks on *The Primitive and its Value in Art* on Radio 3 in the evening of February 8th. Radio 3's talks on art are among the best things it puts out. Radio 4's *Call Me Ishmael* anatomises Melville this Sunday (10.15 p.m.), and on Monday and Thursday (5 and 8 February) *Moby Dick* is dramatised. Colin Blakely plays both Melville and Captain Ahab.

Weekend Competition

No 2551 **Set by Sue de Nimm**

Many writers of adult fiction are turning their hands to children's books. Can we have extracts, please, from the junior fiction of Lawrence, Joyce, Kafka, Sartre, or any other major 20th-century writer who never tried the form. By 16 February; 150 words max.

Result of No 2548 **Set by A. Boteman**

We asked for snappy advertising slogans to bring patrons flocking back to the arts.

Report **by The Lemon Kid**

I put the lemon on all the Pinter entries – 'Seeya Pinta Playa Day', that (and many another) sort of thing; a bit too obvious, really, weren't they? The other favourite, though of higher quality, also came up too often to win a prize: 'George Sand – the Bint with the Pole.' The same goes for the fairly pleasing 'You're never alone with a Strad', and variations on 'Honneger/Heine refreshes the parts other composers/poets cannot reach.' We note a fine and welcome return to form by Martin Fagg, and award you each a handsome Wilson per quip.

You're never alone with a Trollope.

For a plot that thickens, rely on Dickens.

Musil hath charms to soothe the freudtened breast.

Chateaubriand – an author you'll go to the stake for.

Don't be a peasant – read Walter Besant.

MARTIN FAGG

Show you're choosy – pick Brancusi.
You'll never be bored with a Claude.
All that glitters could be Schwitters!

A. S. BELL

What better mission than acquaintance with Titian?
Hang a Goya in your foyer.
Schumann is cool, man.

JEAN PASTOR

Monet talks.
War and Peace – the long one.
Be like Koko, and have a little Liszt.

ROBIN CHASE

The Venus de Milo doesn't need arms to have pull.

WAYNE SIDESADDLE

His Amis your reading satisfaction.

PAT BLACKFORD

There's no business like Noh business.

Bach ache? Liszt-less? Nothing acts faster than Borodin.

CHRISTINA MORRIS

Haydn Waydns Horayzns.
D'Indy is Just Dindy.

PETER ALEXANDER

Manet makes the world go round.

Are you decent, honest, legal and respectable? Neither is Rabelais.

DAN ROSENBERG

De . . . Debus . . . Debussy.
Martinu – the right one.

YVONNE REED

Bizet is izet on the ear.
Listen to Ligeti with your spigeti.

TED THOMPSON

Go well – Go Szell.
It's the bright one, it's the right one, Arnolfini!

ROB BENNETT

Das Rheingold – the Ring with the Troll.
Le Douanier Rousseau – the Tint with the Toll.

BARRY ANTHONY

DSCH – *You* know who.

C. T. CLEMENT

Don Giovanni: he's given Europe more pleasure than almost anyone.

NICHOLAS HODGSON

I thought Mussorgsky made you blind until I saw the exhibition.

SIMON MARES

Are you with the ICA? No, I'm with the Wallace Collection.

C. MADDOCK

Menuhin's Genuhin

FRANCES GOMM

A spot of Goethe won't hoethe.

ALEXANDER BRODIE

A Mahler a day helps you work at Paul Klee.

TIM HOPKINS

Go brass rubbing, have knights to remember.

MRS B. BROCKLESBY

Give yourself a Braque, you deserve it.

JAMES CLAYTON

Forget Buzby, let Wagner give you a Ring.

ROY KELLY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tony Miles

Chess

No 118 1978 Cutty Sark Grand Prix

The 1978 Cutty Sark Grand Prix, which includes all tournaments played in the British Isles throughout the year, was won by David Rumens. After being pipped at the post by George Botterill, this time Rumens fought a year-long running battle with Andrew Whiteley. The lead changed hands several times, but finally Rumens pulled ahead with 184 points to Whiteleys 182.7 to take the £2,000 prize. His winning score was made up of first places, alone or shared, in nine different events. One strange aspect of the contest was that both leaders attained high scores so quickly that for the latter part of the year they avoided the strong open tournaments, concentrating instead on the weaker ones where there was a better chance of a high percentage.

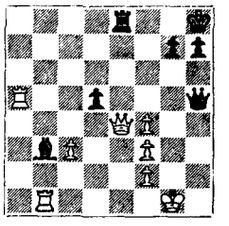
A couple of Rumens's games, the first a nice miniature, the second a crucial win over his rival.

White: D. E. Rumens Black: P. D. Rooney
Thanet Open 1978

1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-QB3, P-Q3; 3.P-B4, P-KN3; 4.N-B3, B-N2; 5.B-B4, N-QB3; 6.O-O, P-K3; 7.Q-K1, KN-K2; 8.Q-R4, N-Q5; 9.NxN, PxN; 10.N-K2, O-O; 11.P-B5! KPxP; 12.P-Q3, N-B3; 13.B-KN5, Q-B2; 14.N-B4, N-K4; 15.N-Q5, Q-R4; 16.P-QN4, Q-R6; 17.B-B6, B-K3; 18.Q-R6! Resigns. If ...BxQ; 19.N-K7 mate.

White: D. E. Rumens Black: A. F. Whiteley

1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-QB3, N-QB3; 3.P-B4, P-Q3; 4.N-B3, P-KN3; 5.B-B4, B-N2; 6.O-O, P-K3; 7.Q-K1, KN-K2; 8.Q-R4, P-QR3; 9.P-Q3, P-QN4; 10.B-N3, N-R4?! 11.P-B5! Rumens has played this sacrifice hundreds of times, yet still his opponents allow it in favourable circumstances. **11. ...NPxP; 12.B-N5, Q-B2; 13.QR-K1, NxB; 14.RPxN, P-N5?** Black's position is already unpleasant, but this is asking for trouble. **15.N-Q5! NxN;** If 15 ...PxN; 16.PxP, B-K4; 17.NxB, PxN; 18.B-B6 wins immediately, and 16 ...P-B3; 17.BxP, BxB; 18.QxB, R-B1; 19.Q-R4 is not much better. **16.PxN, P-K4; 17.B-B6, K-B1;** On 17 ...BxB; 18.QxB, R-B1; 19.NxP is curtains. **18.BxBch, KxB; 19.Q-N5ch, K-B1; 20.Q-R6ch, K-K2; 21.Q-N5ch, K-B1; 22.Q-R6ch, K-K2; 23.Q-N7, Q-Q1; 24.NxP! PxN; 25.RxPch, K-Q3; 26.R(1)-K1, R-R2; 27.Q-N3, K-B2;** Or ...K-Q2; 28.R-K7ch, QxR; 29.RxQch, KxR; 30.Q-K5ch. **28.R-K8ch, K-N3; 29.RxQ, RxR; 30.P-B4, PxPep; 31.PxP, RxP; 32.Q-N8ch, B-N2; 33.R-K7, RxP; 34.Q-B7ch, K-N4; 35.P-B4ch, K-N5; 36.Q-N6ch, K-B6; 37.QxR, Resigns.**



Problem 118

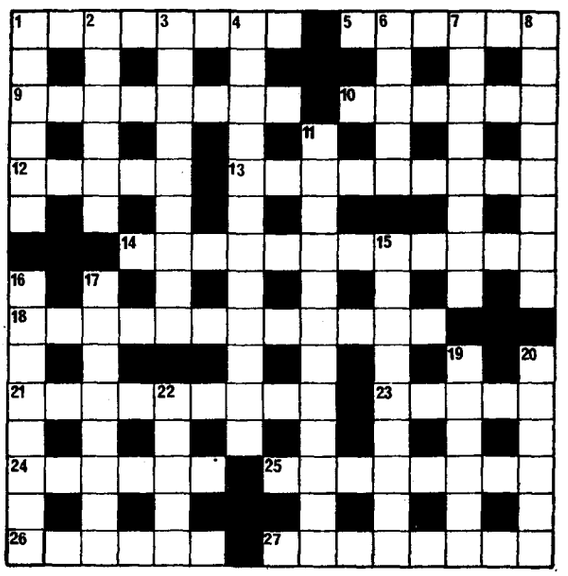
White to play continued 1.R-K1. Is this good, bad, or indifferent, and how should the game go? Answers to me at the New Statesman, post-marked not later than 14 February.

Solution to Problem 116

1.BxNP! KxB; 2.Q-N5ch, K-R1; 3.Q-B6ch, K-N1; 4.Q-B5! Resigns. The rook has no safe square.

Weekend Crossword 1291

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1291, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 13 February.



ACROSS

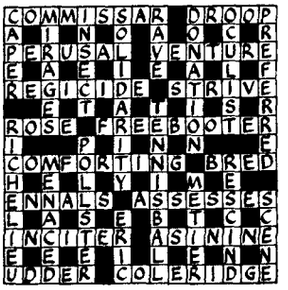
1 Takes in extra-mural broadcasts (8).
5 Specifies conditions (6).
9 Brightened up till food is prepared (8).
10 Naval officer who is not so dirty without the seafront (6).
12 Needed when fishing for river fish (5).
13 The accursed tax decree is reformed (9).
14 Noisy crowd which could make the rabble too few (5,2,5).
18 Performance in front of ground gives a key to players (7,5).
21 Hardy person is a bachelor girl from the city (9).
23 It's almost paradise so it's an effort to move (5).
24 'O ___ time! O moments big as years!' (Keats) (6).
25 Steps outside the hotel for the boats (8).
26 Confounded girl carried by old man (6).
27 Free tender in being confined (8).

DOWN

1 If in France including a distant expedition (6).
2 Makes up for being single in wartime service (6).
3 There is something attractive in a number of poems being followed by music (9).
4 Sign of cowardice if the weather turns rough (5,7).
6 The more faithful repent at heart (5).
7 Used for experiments when the underground is on trial (4,4).
8 Colossal stance (8).
11 Mine do convert people into a sect (12).
15 Priestess who has to be about a hundred to sing (9).
16 Mark on poet where weapon is to be found (8).
17 Scans the free verse fragments (8).
19 Evidently two are able to dance (6).
20 Skilled in being never seduced (6).
22 Three-directional wisdom? (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1290


COMMISSAR DROOP
A I N O A O C R
PERUSAL VENTURE
E A E I E A L F
REGICIDE STRIVE
E T A T I S R
ROSE FREEBOOTER
I P I N N E
COMFORTING BRED
H E L Y I M E
ENNALS ASSESSES
L A S E B T C C
INCITER AS NINE
E E E I L E N N
UDDER COLERIDGE

Prizewinners to No 1290

T. Mason
(St Germain-en-Laye)
Niall Kiely (Belfast)
C. E. King (London NW8)

Publications

GENERAL STRIKE 1926: 'Nine Days in May' by P. Renshaw. Copiously illustrated pictorial history. Orig. pub. £3.95, now £1.50 post inc. from Apollo Book Circle, Box 3939.

FORGET POLITICS FOR A MOMENT. See the Personal Column.

OUTPOSTS. Poems invited for future issues. Sae to Howard Sergeant, 72 Burwood Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, KT12 4AL.

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE, WORLD Affairs. Books bought and sold. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS incl. Penguins. List available from Goddard Books, 159 Goddard Ave, Swindon, Wilts. SN1 4HX.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought. D. Levin, Bookseller, 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

SUMMER JOBS DIRECTORIES Abroad or Britain, in W.H. Smith etc., at £2.25 each, or from Vac-Work, 9 Park End St, Oxford.

McDowell & Stern Ltd
56 Petersgate, York
Telephone (0904) 22000
Our latest catalogue of antiquarian books for sale is now ready. Please send for a free copy. We buy books for cash, especially Medicine, Science and Natural History.
A brochure detailing our services is available on request.

DIRECTORY OF ALTERNATIVE Communities lists many such groups, £1.50 (cash with order, please) from The Teachers (S3), 18 Garth Road, Bangor, N. Wales.

USA SUMMER JOBS. Ranches, resorts, etc., up to £100 p.w. Send £4.35 for Directory listing 50,000 jobs, to Vac-Work, 9 Park End St, Oxford.

YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED by New Horizon. Details: Dept. NS, 5 Victoria Drive, Bognor Regis, West Sussex.

LONDON'S largest secondhand bookshop. Always visit World of Books at 30 Sackville Street, W1. Open Saturdays too.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St, London SW13. 01-876 7254.

Secretarial

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Tel. 01-580 1885.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

QUALITY TYPING (copy/audio). Prompt, accurate, reliable for your mss, theses, etc. Tel. 01-580 0702.

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcribing from Grundig tapes and Philips 86 cassettes. Scotts, 80 Queensway, London W2. 01-727 5828.

TEAMWORKER TYPISTS (NW3). Intell., accurate, fast. Books/theses. 267 0673.

THESES, MSS etc. typed at home. Reasonable rates. Mrs Dryden, Bagshot 71711.

Property

CLAPHAM COMMON NORTHSIDE: large s/c. 3-room flat overlooking Common. Own entrance. 99-years lease. £18,000. Phone Sunday 01-994 3523.

Accom. Vacant

HIGHBURY. Warm, spacious house with cat. All mod. cons, quick routes to City & West End. Available 17 Feb.-1 April. Approx. £80 p.w. Tel. 01-226 6018.

SW4. Large, single bed-sit., ground floor, all amenities. Share b. & t. Available now. £18 p.w. 01-622 5734.

CLAPHAM COMMON, tube 8 mins walk. S/c. flat, k. & b., 1 person, £25 per week. 3 months let. Tel. evenings 01-262 9388.

WRITER'S MAISONETTE, Hampstead adjoining Heath, c.h., c.h.w., holiday let from 18 Feb. for approx. 1 month. Box 4006.

E. CROYDON. 2nd and 3rd for 3 bed. house, F. furn., gas c.h., 5 mins station, 15 mins Victoria. £17 p.w. excl. 01-656 1048 after 9 p.m. Fri.

Accom. Wanted

2 GRAD. MUSICIANS, male, (flautist, and composer), seek flat or own rooms in house. Tel. 01-808 8003 Jim.

URGENT: Temp. flat/garret needed. To £40 p.w. SW London. 622 3056 evgs; 584 8101 ext. 35 days.

TEACHER (F.) reqs. warm, roomy, furn. flat/bed.-sit. Woodford area, central shops, tube. References supplied. Box 3968.

MALE GRADUATE 40s requires flat or bed-sit. Up to £20 p.w., preferably NW London. Box 3956.

AMERICAN PROFESSOR & 2 boys req. 2/3 bedroom flat or house in N. London, April through June. Exc. refs. 346 7607 evgs.

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275/9.

GRADUATE, professional m., 28, seeks flat N/NW, up to £25 p.w. Ring Peter 01-580 8361 ext. 40.

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS, all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

WE PEOPLE CO-OP. Vans with helpful working drivers. Reas. rates .01-286 0066.

NEIL AND TRANSIT, friendly & helpful working driver. 01-748 2539.

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
603 2865. 27 Royal Crescent Mews, London W11.

FOR REMOVALS THAT GO FIRST CLASS MOVES 01-722 7661

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

National Council of Social Service
requires

Administrative Assistant to the National Council for Voluntary Youth Services

Duties include day-to-day office administration, supervision of secretarial work, arranging committee meetings, etc. Experience of office administration and ability to type essential.

Salary: £2,748 - £4,037 p.a. plus £133 London Weighting (under review). The starting point on the scale is dependent upon qualifications and experience. Four weeks annual leave, superannuation scheme, subsidised lunches.

Further details and application form from: **the Personnel Officer, NCSS, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU. Tel: 01-636 4066.**

Closing date: **16 February 1979.**

EDITOR IN EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

We are looking for a fourth editor to join us as soon as possible to specialise in professional technical education materials. We are Britain's only non-commercial correspondence college offering courses to the general public and are based in Cambridge. The person we are looking for will possibly have worked in this field of publishing before or maybe have had Further Education teaching experience and contacts with professional organisations. This is an exciting and rewarding job for a person who enjoys initiating his/her own projects and following them through all the stages from proposals to final published materials.

Salary scale FE Lecturer II £4,101 to £5,093.

Further details and application form available from **Ros Morpeth, Head of Course Production (0223-63465).**

NATIONAL EXTENSION COLLEGE,
18 Brooklands Avenue, Cambridge CB2 2HN.

WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE

An international organisation based on university committees throughout the world and specialising in social action programmes, scholarships, human rights and development education, is looking for an

Associate Secretary

to take responsibility for their complex and challenging programme in Africa.

This is a stimulating and demanding job of great importance to the organisation. It requires a graduate who has experience in similar work to that of WUS and of work with universities or students preferably in Africa; who has familiarity with the liberation struggle in Southern Africa; who can travel for extended periods; who has at least a working knowledge of both English and French; and who is probably under 35. The successful candidate will be energetic, capable of taking considerable initiative and will work in the International WUS office in Geneva.

Further information may be obtained from: **The International General Secretary, WUS, 5 Chemin des Iris, 1216 Geneva, Switzerland.**

Following a promotion ASTMS now requires a

Divisional Officer

to operate from one of our London offices.

Salary commences at £7,298 p.a. (plus £483 Inner London Allowance) rising to £7,748 p.a. (plus £483 Inner London Allowance) after three years.

Only applicants with specialist collective bargaining experience need apply.

Further details of position and application form may be obtained from **Clive Jenkins, General Secretary, ASTMS, 10/26a Jamestown Road, London NW1 7DT.**

The closing date for completed application forms is **Friday 16 March 1979.**

Research Assistant for Trade Union

The Engineers' & Managers' Association, a TUC affiliated trade union representing some 46,000 professional and managerial staff throughout industry, is seeking an intelligent, numerate and lively person to join its busy Research Department.

He/she should be willing to work under pressure, assisting with the wide variety of work for which the Department is responsible, including the collation and interpretation of salary, economic and energy statistics.

Academic background is not essential, but previous work experience is desirable.

Starting salary will be on the salary range of the National Joint Council (Electricity Supply Industry) PAG 1 Scale which ranges between £3,725 p.a. to £4,670 p.a. and carries a fixed supplement of £260 p.a.

Please send applications in writing to:

Mrs D. Sadow, Administration Manager, Engineers' & Managers' Association, Station House, Fox Lane North, Chertsey, Surrey, KT16 9HW.

CSV

Volunteer Director:

LONDON

A Volunteer Director is needed to complete a team of twelve at our Headquarters. Volunteer Directors are responsible for the recruitment, interviewing and placement and for the support and encouragement of full-time CSV's throughout the UK. Their work also includes the development of new projects and new areas of work for volunteers.

We need people who can recognise and make use of the potential in the cross section of young people who come to CSV. The pressures of the job are heightened by the need to grasp new opportunities.

Have you got the drive, imagination and practical ability needed to further the involvement of young people in community service?

Starting salary NJC scale AP2 (£3714 - £4086)

Details and application form from Helen Keogh

COMMUNITY SERVICE VOLUNTEERS
THE NATIONAL VOLUNTEER AGENCY
237 Pentonville Road, London N1 9NJ (01-278 6601)

RESEARCHER / WRITER

Salary c. £6,000 p.a.

The publishers seek a person with a knowledge of the legal rules on INDIVIDUAL EMPLOYMENT RIGHTS, experience of the application of these rules and an interest in monitoring developments.

Work will involve:

- ★ Scrutiny of operations and policies of various sections of the Department of Employment.
- ★ Monitoring the work of certain branches of the Advisory, Conciliation and Arbitration Service, the Equal Opportunities Commission, and the Commission for Racial Equality.
- ★ Surveillance of Industrial Tribunals' operations and cases.
- ★ Monitoring practices within the Public and Private Employment Sectors.

Application with full C.V. and examples of written work should be sent to:

The Managing Director,
THE NEW COMMERCIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
4 St John's Terrace, London W10.

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Applications are invited for a temporary post of LECTURER in the above Department, available from 1 October 1979. The appointment will be made for a fixed-term period of one year. Candidates should have a good honours degree or equivalent qualification, and an interest in any area of French Language or Literature.

Salary at an appropriate point on the scale for lecturers £3,883-£7,754 (under review) according to age, qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Leeds LS2 9JT, quoting reference number 5/3/H. Closing date for applications 1 March 1979.

NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

requires a

WELFARE ADVISER

To work in its Education and Welfare department. Work on all aspects of student welfare and some work on Halls of Residence, Catering and Health and Safety is undertaken through casework and research.

Salary on a scale from £2,950-£5,400 but the appointment will not be above £3,475 + £450 London weighting. 20 days holiday in first year of service. Application forms and further particulars from **Manager, E. and W. department, 302 Pentonville Road, London N1.** Closing date **13 February.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BBC

invites applications for the post of

EDITOR

'The Listener'

The Editor of this well-known weekly journal published by the BBC is responsible for all aspects of its contents. The duties involve selection from the whole range of BBC Radio and Television programmes of the talks and discussions which are the main source of material, together with the commissioning of original contributions which include book reviews, poetry, and independent criticism of BBC programmes. The post requires a high standard of taste and judgment; a lively awareness of the contemporary scene; wide cultural interests, and the ability to develop 'The Listener' and to attract a wide readership within the scope of the paper's primary purpose as a medium for the publication of broadcast material. Experience as a journalist and writer is essential; a knowledge of BBC Radio and Television output and proven editorial capacity are desirable.

The post is based at 35 Marylebone High Street, London.

Salary: £9,660 p.a. (higher if qualifications exceptional) x £415 to £12,565 p.a. Salaries under review. Relocation expenses considered.

Telephone or write immediately for application form, enclosing addressed envelope and quoting *reference 1045/NS to:*

Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel: 01-580 4468 Ext. 4619.

WAR ON WANT

A COORDINATOR is urgently needed for our Supporters Service Unit. This person will be responsible for all contact with our groups, members and donors, and the post has plenty of scope for involvement in all aspects of our development work. Salary £4,352.

For further information, contact **Virginia Segal, War on Want, 467 Caledonian Road, London N7 9BE or 01-609 0211.**

EARTH RESOURCES RESEARCH LTD

ERR — an environmental research charity — is looking for

a Researcher

probably an economist, to undertake a study of the social and environmental implications of the lending policy of the European Investment Bank. The project is envisaged to last one year and will include some travel in Europe. Knowledge of French desirable. Salary £3,000 p.a. Closing date for applications 17 February. C.V. to **D. Baldock, ERR, 40 James St, London W1M 5HS.**

Publishers require

SECRETARY

for Foreign and Subsidiary Rights Director.

Shorthand and some experience essential. Salary negotiable. Write or phone Personnel Officer.

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON, 91 Clapham High Street, London SW4. 01-622 9933 x 271

Bermondsey Adventure Playground

PLAY LEADER

required to join team on adventure playground. Salary £2,917 - £3,988. Essential that applicants visit the playground before interview. Job description and application form from: **43 Old Jamaica Rd, London SE16. Tel: 01-237 3788.**

SECRETARY/P.A.

Wanted to help organise political lobby for the Environment. Second language an advantage. Large friendly office near Westminster/Victoria. No Sloane Rangers. £4,000 plus. Ring Liz **Rhodes 01-828 7364** for details.

UNIVERSITY OF ZAMBIA

Applications are invited for 4 posts of

PROFESSOR/ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR/SENIOR LECTURER IN POLITICAL AND ADMINISTRATIVE STUDIES.

Applicants are sought with specialisation in one or more of the following areas: Politics of Southern Africa; Politics of Industrial Societies; Development Administration; Local Financial Administration. They must possess a post-graduate degree from a recognised University and have teaching and research experience. Salary scales: Professor K8,616-K9,135 p.a. Associate Professor K8,232 - K8,616 p.a. Senior Lecturer K7,608 - K8,016 p.a. (£1 *sterling* = £K1.56). The British Government may supplement salary in range £4,350 - £5,952 p.a. (sterling) for married appointees or £1,968 - £3,366 p.a. (sterling) for single appointees (reviewed annually and normally free of all tax) and provide children's education allowances and holiday visit passages. Family passages; baggage allowance; superannuation; medical aid scheme; regular overseas leave; *three year contract. Detailed* application (2 copies) with curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees to be sent to Registrar, University of Zambia, P.O. Box 2379, Lusaka, Zambia by 16 March 1979. Applicants resident in the UK should send one copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further details may be obtained from either address.

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX

LECTURESHIPS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

Applications are invited for two Lectureships in one or more of the following fields in which the *Department is particularly* concerned to strengthen its teaching: Drama, European (including English) Renaissance Literature, Literary Theory, Sociology of Literature and United States Literature. Both posts tenable from 1 October 1979. Salary scale £3,883 - £7,754 (under review).

The Department of Literature teaches in four main areas, European (including English), Latin American, Russian and United States and is interested in both *Renaissance and Modern* Literature and in all the main genres.

Applications (nine copies), including a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Registrar, (AG/65/NS) University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ, from whom further particulars may be obtained by 25 FEBRUARY 1979.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp. Fenwick's). 493 3005.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE OF SOVIET AND EAST EUROPEAN STUDIES

Applications are invited for the post of Director which will shortly become vacant. The stipend will be within the Professorial range.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the University Court, (Room 18), University of Glasgow, Glasgow, G12 8QQ, with who applications (15 copies; in the case of overseas applicants, 1 copy), giving the names and addresses of three referees, should be lodged on or before 2 March 1979.

In reply please quote Ref No 4357V

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER

LECTURESHIP IN THE DEPARTMENT OF POLITICS

Applications are invited from graduates for a Lectureship in Soviet Politics. The successful candidate will be expected to help with the teaching of other courses offered by the Department.

Salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £3,883 to £7,754 (under review) with superannuation benefits.

Further particulars from the Registrar, University of Leicester, to whom applications on the form provided should be sent by 26 February 1979.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

Applications are invited for the post of LECTURER IN THE SOCIOLOGY OF EDUCATION with special reference to Multicultural education. Applicants should have academic qualifications in the social sciences and teaching/research experience within the specified area.

Salary at an appropriate point on the Lecturer salary scale currently £3,909 - £7,754 per annum plus £450 London Allowance plus USS. Application forms and further particulars available from: Personnel, University of London Institute of Education, Bedford Way, London WC1H 0AL quoting reference L/Soc on envelope. Completed applications required NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY 2 MARCH.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS

COMPETITIONS OFFICER AND SECRETARY TO THE LONDON REGION

This is a combined post within the Membership and Public Affairs Department of the RIBA. The successful applicant will be required to maintain contact with six branches of the London Region and generally develop the best possible communications between the Institute and its Members and students in London as well as promoting good public relations. The Competitions Officer is required to promote and supervise RIBA's architectural competitions systems on a national basis. In both roles, the successful applicant will be required to work to and serve a number of committees and working groups.

Requirements are administrative experience, the ability to work with people and get things done and a readiness to travel and work *irregular hours.*

Applicants should have a good educational background, preferably a degree, and an interest in the problems of the building environment. Salary scale £5,968-£8,303. Application forms can be obtained from the RIBA, 66 Portland Place, London W1. Tel: 01-580 5533 ext. 254.

HAMPSTEAD. Room and board offered to intelligent, jolly lady in return assistance to prof. father with daughter 8. References. Box 3887.

You can be

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

working for busy journalists' union. The NUJ has 30,000 members at — The Times, the BBC, on local papers — in the news and making news — and we need:

SECRETARIES:

Audio and/or Shorthand, with initiative for national/broadcasting organisers and finance officer. £3,848 rising to £4,160.

CLERKS:

For admin. (experienced), records and branch office (typist) in Fleet Street. All other jobs close Kings Cross. £3,120 (at 18) rising to £3,536.

PLUS 32½ hour week, four weeks holiday rising to six, travel loans, annual increments/reviews, fringe benefits. (Pay rates subject to confirmation). Applications in writing, or by phone, to David Reece, 314 Grays Inn Road, London WC1X 8DP. (01) 278 7916.

SOCIETY FOR ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY Ltd *requires part-time Secretarial help in* the training department. The post carries responsibility for the organisation of reading programmes, liaison with students and some confidential committee work. For application *form and further details please write to* Society for Analytical Psychology, 30 Devonshire Place, London W1. 01-486 2321

STELLA FISHER BUREAU is now recruiting Secretaries of good education and experience at salaries to £5,000 p.a. Stella Fisher Bureau (emp. agcy) 110 Strand, WC2, 836 6644 (open Sats 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m.).

DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUMS Association. Salary: £9,572-£10,304 including London weighting and supplements. Applications are *invited for this new post to head the staff* of the Association and to be responsible to Council for the development of policies, services and initiatives. Candidates must possess proven managerial and administrative abilities and qualities of leadership. The appointment will be on a five-year fixed contract and is based at the Association's *offices in Central London. Application forms* and further particulars from Francis Cheetham, President of the Museums Association, The Castle Museum, Norwich NR1 3JU. Completed applications to be received not later than 19 February 1979.

ACTIVITY ADVENTURE HOLIDAY Centres in Wales, the Wye Valley and Shropshire need Instructors in Sailing, Pony Trekking, Canoeing, Orienteering etc., also Welfare and Domestic staff, SRNs and administrative. *Vacancies from May to September,* long or short periods of employment. Accommodation, food and pocket money. Contact Jane Brimble, PGL Young Adventure Ltd, 831 Boreatton Park, Baschurch, nr Shrewsbury, Salop. Tel. (0939) 260552.

PICTURE RESEARCH PUBLISHER offers bright young secretary tremendous involvement in Research including Museums and Art Galleries. To £3,200. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 353 7696.

COMMISSIONING EDITORS need PA/Secretary who enjoys proof reading, picture research and manuscript preparation. To £4,000. Pleasant WC2 offices. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet St, EC4. 353 7696.

LITERARY & GENERAL SECRETARY needed. Free to travel France and Scotland. Free time available for own work. Contact 01-940 9233.

SECONDHAND BOOKSELLERS offer 3-day job including some Sats. Ring World of Books, Sackville Street, W1. 437 2135.

CAREERS IN BUSINESS. Commerce and the City are our speciality. Develop your Career with an Introduction from the Acknowledged Specialists. Covent Garden Appointments. 353 7696.

GRADUATE-MINDED Secretaries will find the more stimulating secretarial careers through the Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

FIRST CLASS OPENINGS in Current Affairs, Publishing, Charities and Business World, for Graduate 'A' Level Secretaries. Covent Garden Bureau 01-353 7696.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M & S Agency, 45 South Molton St, W1. 629 6821.

Scholarships

KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD

The College is offering three Senior Scholarships open to women and men in any subject tenable from 1 October 1979, for up to three years. With one of the Scholarships preference is for someone not graduating until Summer 1979. The value is £150 per year, with limited dining rights at High Table and preference in allocation of accommodation. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary to the Tutor for Graduates; closing date for applications is 14 March.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holidays/Travel

May-Day in Athens £99

SENIOR CITIZENS should deduct £5 from all prices
April 29th-May 12th, with full sightseeing programme.
1979 BROCHURE NOW READY, please apply.

PRAGUE. June 30th-July 8th £115.
LENINGRAD. £130. April 27th-May 8th (May Day) **£136.**
July 14th-25th, Aug. 4th-15th **£136.** Day in Moscow add £25.
TILBURY/LENINGRAD CRUISE. Sep.28th-Oct. 9th **£175.**
YUGOSLAVIA/RIVIERA Sep. 28th-Oct. 9th **£95.**

Yorkshire Tours, 49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Phone 0484 24269.

YORKSHIRE

We let fully furnished and unfurnished houses, flats, bungalows and cottages for short and long periods in and around York; rents from £110-£160 per calendar month.

Also self-catering, fully equipped cottages, flats and houses within the city and in rural Yorkshire; rents £45-£140 per week.

Please apply with s.a.e. to

THE MARJORIE PORTER AGENCY
150 The Mount, York.

Telephone 0904 22930/28594.
Hours 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., Monday to Friday.

MUSIC IN VIENNA

19 - 26 April

A week of concerts, operas and visits from £130 with expert guide.

Other special interest holidays, and 3, 4, 7 day, breaks from £76.

ANGLO-AUSTRIAN SOCIETY,
46 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster SW1H 9AU.
(01) 222 0366.

Northamptonshire's fifth annual

Family Activity Holiday

Nene College, Northampton

AUGUST 11th-18th

For details of the 19 activities write to: **CLLO (NS), Northampton House, Northampton NN1 2JP or ring (0604) 34833 ext. 5078.**

A FARMHOUSE HOLS. Beautiful West Coast Ireland. Avail. whole year, easy travel UK. Sleeps 6. Cheap. Fishing, boating, riding, golf etc. For more details phone 01-504 1539 or 01-242 8888. Gibbs, ext. 264.

ATHENS! ATHENS! ATHENS! Economy return flights from £69. Instant confirmation. Capricorn Travel, 27 Ebury Bridge Road, London SW1. 01-730 6152.

GREEK ISLAND VILLA, Evia. Sleeps 6/8. Minutes from sea. 01-883 7004.

WELSH HILLS. Elaine Bonner now in her cottage taking only four or five guests, d., b. & b. £40 per week. Bron Fadog, Trefriw LL27 0QA. Tel. Llanrwst 640566.

PRINTMAKING OR PAINTING. Residential courses in the Lakes for beginners to experienced artists. Brochure from: Lowick House Printmaking, Lowick, nr Ulverston, Cumbria. Tel. 0229 85 698.

FARM HOLIDAYS. 1979 Farm Holiday Guide in three editions, covering England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, describing Britain's best farmhouse accommodation at value for money prices. Available from booksellers and newsagents everywhere or direct from Farm Guides Ltd, 18 High Street, Paisley, PA1 2BX.

ALMOST FREE HOLIDAY — International home exchange service. Apply now for 1979 season. Home Rooms Ltd., (NS) 7 Provost Rd, NW3. Tel. 01-722 8973.

EXCITING, small, happy, camps in beautiful places, camping, canoeing, caving, Kirkdale Camps for 7-18 yr-olds. 01-659 5882 eves or wkends. Write 67 Venner Rd, London SE26.

WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe, Tel Aviv & South Africa, Salisbury Travel Ltd. 31 Haymarket, SW1. 839 6958.

ADVENTURE HOLIDAY GUIDES, Abroad or Britain. Canoeing/hang-gliding/scuba-diving/trekking, etc. From W. H. Smith, etc. at £1.75 each or from Vac-Work, 9 Park End St, Oxford.

HOLIDAYS CAN BE A PROBLEM

Your answer is the LOUGHBOROUGH UNIVERSITY SUMMER PROGRAMME

which caters for single individuals and the whole family. Each person can pursue their own interests and yet find congenial company joining in the varied social activities. Over 50 Special Interest Courses for Adults, from £69 including full residence from Sunday evening to Saturday morning. Courses and activities for children from a few months to teenage. Excellent catering and accommodation. From 22 July to 4 August.

Brochure from Olive Jones, CES (NS), University of Technology, Loughborough, Leics LE11 3TU. Tel: 0509 63171 Ext. 213/249

SUN TRAVEL. Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain. 01-734 6661/2.

Appt. Wanted

ENTERPRISING F. (32), BA Hons (London), MA (Leeds), working on PhD Commonwealth Lit. needs congenial and sufficiently lucrative employment (non-secretarial) now that source of funds exhausted. Ten years teaching UK, Nigeria, Canada, five at university level. Box 3767.

School

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day Schools. 5-16 years GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Restaurant

ENJOY A DELICOUS MEAL in our cosy restaurant. Live music some evenings . . . French, traditional English and vegetarian fare . . . always superbly cooked from fresh ingredients. Now fully licensed. Open Mon.-Sat. for dinner — last orders 11.30 p.m. Lunch served on Saturday — closed all day Sunday. 727 4146 or 229 6731 for reservations. 'A Taste of Honey' 2 Kensington Park Road, W11, London, Notting-Hill Gate.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES
£50 to £25,000 unsecured
REGIONAL TRUST LTD,
8 Clifford St, New Bond St, LONDON W1
01-734 5983 or 2914

Personal

OTG PRODUCTIONS LTD (who premiered Stoppard's 'Rosencrantz & Guildenstern') are again interested in seeing scripts for new plays, to stage in their 27th Edinburgh Fringe Season. Maximum two hours; student cast. Send to: Mr Andrew Rissik MA, Oxford Theatre Group, Christ Church College, Oxford. S.a.e. or no return.

JENNIFER BANNER travelling portrait painter. Ring or write for details and slides: 15 Page Street, Swansea. 0792 49208.

AUTHORS INVITED SUBMIT MSS. all types (including poems), for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Limited, Ilfracombe, Devon. (Established 1898).

FORGET POLITICS FOR A MOMENT. Brain up to scratch? Find out Logic Tests (Vol. 1) £1 post free from Logics AAL, 174 Linkfield Road, Isleworth, Mlddx.

ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 years old? The Progressive League caters for mind, body and spirit — politics, music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

ALTERNATIVE COMMUNITIES Movement — join it, send s.a.e. for details to The Teachers Community (S3), 18 Garth Road, Bangor, North Wales.

ARE YOU seeking occultists, witches, circles,etc? Long standing service—nationwide & worldwide. S.a.e. or stamp to: 'Eterna', The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation. Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princes Avenue N10 3LR. Tel. 01-586 4109 (8-9.30 a.m., 6.30-7 p.m. & weekends).

PSYCHOLOGIST/Hypnotherapist P. J. Millin of Harley Street. Develop confidence/overcome tension; etc. Appts. Tel. 01-800 4045.

LOW-COST PSYCHOTHERAPY with Arbours Association trainees. Please phone 267 0304 for further information, or write to Arbours Association, 55 Dartmouth Park Road, NW5.

THERAPY Growth Group. Tuesdays 8 p.m. NW6. Ongoing. 607 4172, 794 6062.

CRYPTOLOGY. New cipher system, not based on book. Defies analysis. Challenge messages enciphered. Box 3816.

TAROT PACK (14th century design) plus fortune telling instructions, £3. Breaks the ice at parties. Dept 32, RS Productions, Nelson Close, Staverton, Totnes, Devon.

AMERICAN EXECUTIVE, London resident, 41 years, 5' 7", divorced, vaguely Jewish, educated, solvent and joyful, seeks attractive, slim, happy lady with tastes for Mozart, old buildings, books or the like. Box 3826.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN (40s) appreciate humorous friends for concerts, films, travel, conversation. Box 3969.

MERSEYSIDE fat, balding, graduate, 32, seeks female company. Box 3966.

ADVERTISER IS TALL, slim, 40, modern outlook, seeking attractive, intelligent lady for friendship. Central London. Box 3986.

MALE, 56, frustrated, seeks intelligent, quiet but physically aware lady, broad-minded with sense of humour; for sincere, loving, uncomplicated, mutual relationship. Lancs/Cheshire. Box 3987.

I'M NO CULTURE vulture, but an ordinary middle-aged female, London based with country interests, looking for my male counterpart to share town/country interests. If this develops into something warmer, so much the better. Box 3967.

CHARMING, attractive Jewish lady residing in Tel Aviv has business interests Paris, New York (Perfume), visiting UK shortly, seeks cultured gentleman over 40, object friendship and possible marriage. Box 3974.

EXTROVERT BUSINESSMAN, 51, seeks stimulating and intelligent female companion, 40ish, for occasional and uncommitting afternoons and/or evenings. Box 3814.

ATTRACTIVE LONDON WOMAN, with two yng teenage children, wants to meet kind man intd in arts at academic level, or prof. man with interest in the arts, 40s+. Box 3894.

GRADUATE DIVORCEE, wrong side forty. How does one meet cultured, active, successful men, circa 50, who have the same honesty, intelligence, sanity, warmth and ability to enjoy life as their counterparts aged twenty plus possess? Country loving Londoner. Box 4032.

N. AMERICAN MALE, academic, fun-loving, periodic visitor to London, wishes to meet lady in her 30s or early 40s whose interests include plays, ballets, and travel. Box 4031.

N. W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models.

We have been established in Hampstead since 1927.

Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at

59 HEATH ST, NW3

(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)

N. W. London readers only, please

CANCER RESEARCH

The scientific understanding of cancer is the one sure basis of all clinical progress. Will you help us progress towards our common goal? Please make whatever contribution you can to:

Imperial Cancer Research Fund, Room 544AE, P.O. Box 123, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London WC2A 3PX.

NICE-LOOKING WOMAN, free of all ties except work, sks permanent relationship with intell., warm natured m., 50-60, free at wkends and for holidays home/abroad. Box 4033.

WRITER, Indian, quiet, kind, considerate, affectionate with wider cultural, travel, philosophical and leftish political interests — seeks woman (29-49) with no ties. View matrimony. Box 4011.

PRETTY WIDOW early 50s, seeks unattached, outgoing, male companion for all the good things of life. Box 4008.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 60, tall, slim, alert, would welcome occasional lunch in London with congenial lady guest aware of her attractions. Box 4010.

KEN IS 31, good-looking MA, separated, with home comforts but tired of living for himself; needs attractive, intelligent woman, 25-35, for warm lasting relationship. Child(ren) welcome. Yorkshire/Humberside (or elsewhere — distance of secondary importance). Box 4012.

LADY LAWYER, 40s, young appearance, broken marriage, would like to hear from tall, cultured and personable professional man about 50, with integrity, sense of humour and enthusiasm for life. Box 4004.

CONSIDERATE, active, professional man, 45, committed to existing marriage, seeks affectionate discreet relationship with possibly similarly placed woman London or Brighton area. Box 4013.

FEMALE, 30, unattached. No public bill of fare, intd male, 30+. inquire Box 4007.

LADY, LONDON NW, would like to meet intelligent m. 60+. High standards. Interested arts, travel and country. With car. Box 3965.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abington Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

WANDERING LONELY AS A CLOUD? Silver linings are gladly provided by 'Status' who will introduce you to the sort of people who would never dream of enrolling with an ordinary Marriage Bureau. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

THE LONELINESS PROBLEM is worse for better-educated people; there are fewer of us; our standards are higher; contact is more difficult. Send 10p for news of a solution to Tally, c/o Mailroom, 32 Newman Street, London W1P 3PE.

RAPPORT is the intelligent person's way of meeting new friends. Whatever your age, location or preferences, enrich your quality of life immeasurably with Rapport, the discerning person's Introduction service — and discover a new joy in living. Details from Rapport, PO Box 94, Oxford.

NON PROFIT making Correspondence Club, s.a.e. for particulars. 43 Windus Rd, N16.

DOVELINC PHOTO PARTNERS. Select your partners and penfriends from photographs. For Illustrated Brochure send stamp to: Dovelinc A27, P.O. Box 100, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

WHETHER YOU ARE a Bishop, Knight or even a Pawn, hoping for a mate, contact us. We'll try not to rook you. Joan Remick Marriage & Friendship Bureau, 155 Knightsbridge, London SW1. 01-584 5151.

ONE FRIENDSHIP Agency stands out from the rest. Free brochure, Sue Carr, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. 0423 63525 anytime.

FRIENDS

All over the World. (France, Germany, Switzerland, Canada, Mexico, etc.). Friendship, languages, exchange, etc. Request free brochure:

Amis du Courrier
30 Av. Chateau, 4880 Spa, Belgium

Personal Services

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE

(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances, Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.
Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.
519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel: 451118.
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 97 No. 2498

2 February 1979

Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ

Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1

© 1979 The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Contents

134 **Notes:** Bastard economics, tenants and house-owners, data protection, Journalists victimised
Martin Bailey: Oilgate
135 **Free Speech:** Crying Wolf
136 **Christopher Hitchens:** The Daily Mail's bad news
137 **Rick Rogers:** Schools lock-out
138 **Anna Coote:** Equal opportunities in N. Ireland
Godfrey Hodson: SALT
140 **Fred Halliday:** Ayatollah Khomeini
141 **William Shawcross:** Cambodia
142 **Duncan Campbell:** Sigint
146 **Wilfred Beckerman:** Rescuing the Economy
148 **Ruth Hall:** London Diary
149 **Letters to the Editor**
151 **Arthur Marshall:** Sugar and spice
Roger Woddis: New Ramps for Old

Books & Arts
152 **Clive James:** Pushkin
155 **Paul Foot:** Toussaint L'Ouverture
Other reviews by E. J. Hobsbawm, Hilary Spurling, Graham Gibbs, Valentine Cunningham
159 **Julian Barnes:** Television
159 **Russell Davies:** Sport 1
160 **Albert Hunt:** Sport 2
161 **John Coleman:** Films
162 **David Harsent:** Theatre
162 **Peter Porter:** Radio
163 **Weekend Competition**
164 **Chess and Crossword**
Poems by Christopher Reid and Tom Disch

Annual Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £14.50, Overseas £16.
Air mail:
Europe £19.50, Middle East £21, Africa, India £22, Australia, Far East £23, USA $44, Canada $47.

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Info 836 5332. Extra perfs Bronson Howard's comedy 'Saratoga'. 'As You Like It'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in David Edgar's 'The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs'. Playreading Roy Minton's 'Scum'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Daughters of Men' by Jennifer Phillips directed by Nancy Meckler. Mons-Fris 8. Sats 5 & 8. 'An acute and intelligent play', Guardian.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
Worth queuing for from breakfast time, Financial Times.
TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN
Mon. - Thurs. at 8.30. Fri. & Sat. 7.00 & 9.15.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

75p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
Trade in Personal £1.00 Display, centimetre £4.25

Send copy to arrive Monday a.m. or telephone
405 4911/2/3 or 242 5484/5/6

NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'A Fair Quarrel', 'The Double Dealer', 'Betrayal', 'The Philanderer', 'The World Turned Upside Down' (perhaps not suitable for children). See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Mon.-Fri. 8 p.m. Sats 3 & 8.30 'Mary Barnes' by David Edgar. 'An evening in the theatre as entertaining as it is provocative' Sun. Express.

TOWER, Canonbury Place, N1. British premiere of Woody Allen's 'Don't Drink the Water', tonight & tomorrow (last perfs) at 7.30. Next Fri.: Stoppard's 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead'. Booking: 226 5111 (Mons 6.30-8, Tues-Sats 2.15-8).

Exhibitions

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Original lithographs and etchings by Moore, Arthur Boyd, Whitley, Lowry, also 18 & 19 C satirical prints.

MERVYN PEAKE. A small exhibition of original drawings by Mervyn Peake is being held at Mowbrays Bookshop, 28 Margaret Street (Oxford Circus), London W1, until 9 February to mark publication of 'Peake's Progress' (edited Maeve Gilmore, Allen Lane £8.50).

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'Newsfront' (A). 2.40 (not Sun.), 4.50, 7.0, 9.10.

Meetings

GRESHAM LECTURES IN RHETORIC

'THE REVOLUTION OF 1848'

by Sir Robert Birley

3 one-hour lectures at

The City University, Northampton Square, EC1 at 1 p.m.

9, 16, 23 February.
Admission free.

GRESHAM LECTURES IN MUSIC

BOB DYLAN

by Professor Wilfred Mellers

3 one-hour lectures at

The City University, Northampton Square, EC1 at 1.00 p.m.

6, 20 and 27 February.

Admission Free.

THE DYLAN THOMAS SOCIETY. 7.30 p.m. Monday 5 February, Sesame Club, 49 Grosvenor St, London W1. Admission 75p. Aeronwy Thomas-Ellis, the poet's daughter and a Vice-President of the Society, remembers her childhood days at the Boathouse, Laugharne, where Dylan wrote much of his important work.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 6 Feb. 'Some Aspects of Civilisation as Expressed in the Bible' by Dr M. P. Weitzman; 8 Feb. 'The Exploration of Mars' by Dr J. E. Guest.

NEW ZEALAND LABOUR PARTY London Group. Next meeting Wed. 7 Feb., 7 p.m. House of Commons. Speaker Dr Austin Mitchell MP. Inqs 01-438 3935.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Paul Ormerod of National Institute for Economic and Social Research on 'The Future for the British Economy' at 5 Tavistock Place, WC1, on Wed. 7 Feb., 7.30 p.m. All welcome.

SEVENTH RITA HINDEN Memorial Lecture. 'Industry & Democracy: Is Corporatism inevitable?' Sir Peter Parker: Saturday, 10 Feb. at 2.45 for 3 p.m. Library Hall, Holborn Library, Theobalds Rd, WC1. Tickets 50p inc. tea) at door, or in advance, with s.a.e. from Tilling, 9 Abbots Gardens, N2.

ADLERIAN SOCIETY: 'Preventive Medicine — where do we go from here?' (Informal talk with discussion). Lilian F. C. Beattie MB, BS, Clinical MO Bucks AHA, Tues. 6 Feb. 7.30 p.m. Community Rooms, Millman Street (East Side), WC1. Visitors welcome 50p (Students 25p).

POLITICS AND PUBLISHING. A working conference organised by the Radical Publications Group to discuss the left in print — readers, writers, printers, publishers, distributors all welcome. Saturday 17 February 10.00-5.00 at ICA, Nash House, The Mall, SW1 (tube Charing Cross). Entrance £1 + 25p ICA day membership. Limited numbers. Pay on the day or advance booking from ICA.

THE NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL, talk by Sheila Oaks, London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terr., W8. Sun. 4 Feb. 7.30 p.m. 30p.

YOUNG SOCIALISTS' FAIR. Help us complete the 'Observer' Libel fund. Saturday 3 Feb. Starcross School, Risinghill Street, N1. Doors open 12 noon. Star cabaret in evening. Admission by lucky number programme. We need gifts, toys, books, bottles, tins — any ideas you have. Please give us your support. 'Phone 01-622 7029 or contact 21b, Old Town, Clapham, SW4.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk, Sun. 4 Feb. 8 p.m. 'Thy Mystery of Dreams'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

Courses

CO-OPERATIVE COLLEGE

Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire LE12 5QR
Tel. East Leake 2333

RESIDENTIAL COURSES FOR ADULTS

UNIVERSITY DIPLOMA

Applications invited for session beginning October 1979. Two year course for University of Nottingham Diploma in Political, Economic and Social Studies.

Evidence sought of interest and ability rather than formal qualifications.

Full grants available on acceptance for course.

Full information from and applications to Vice Principal by 12 April 1979.

ARTS COUNCIL CONTEMPORARY MUSIC NETWORK

SUN. 4 FEBRUARY AT 8
NEWCASTLE PLAYHOUSE
(formerly University Theatre)

FRI. 23 FEBRUARY AT 7.45
LONDON
QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

Also 5 Feb: OXFORD Holywell Music Room; 7th: BRISTOL Arnolfini Gallery
20th: HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic; 21st: YORK University Lyons Concert Hall
25th: NOTTINGHAM Playhouse

NORTHERN SINFONIA
DAVID BLAKE · TERESA CAHILL
director soprano

Eisler Septet; *Saxton* Canzona - in memoriam Igor Stravinsky;*
Blake 'In praise of Krishna' and
'From the mattress grave' — twelve poems by Heine*
**New Sinfonia commissions for this tour*
Tickets from box offices — Newcastle 0632-23421, Q.E. Hall 01-928 3191.

POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON
RESIDENTIAL SHORT COURSE
8 - 12 April 1979
FEMINIST THEORY
Differing accounts of the position of women in society.
Course tutor: **Irene Brennan**
Further details from: **Wendy Dewhurst, Short Course Unit, PCL, 309 Regent Street, London W1. Tel: 01-580 2020 ext 221.**

FRENCH INSTITUTE
EVENING CLASS IN
Translation (translation and discussion of press articles concerning current events) every Wednesday evening 6.30-8.30 p.m. £27 for 16 weeks. (Standard of 'A' Level French required). Registration 1 to 9 February. Course commences 21 February.
Details:
14 Cromwell Place, SW7 2JR.
(s.a.e.)
Tel: office hours 11.30-12.30 and 3.30-6.30 01-589 6211 (ext. 45).

POETRY & FICTION
For those interested in writing: **Poetry Course, 15-20 February; Fiction Course 15-20 March and Poetry & Prose Course 29 March-3 April.**
Established writers as tutors, in-formal country atmosphere. **Phone Black Torrington 338 or write Arvon Foundation, Sheepwash, Devon EX21 5NS.**

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal time table from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or Tel. 0865-54231 (24 hrs).

GERMAN TUITION, all grades, by British subject academically trained in Germany 435 8523. NW London.

FRENCH & SPANISH offered by qualified native teachers. Tel. 935 8641.

STROUD FESTIVAL 1979
6 - 20 October

INTERNATIONAL COMPETITIONS

Poetry
Details and entry forms from:
D. Worsfield Esq.,
Shepherds Hoe,
Rodborough Common,
Stroud, Glos.
GL5 5BN.

Script
Details and entry forms from:
C. Brooks Esq.,
Coppers,
Blueboys Park,
Minchinhampton,
Stroud, Glos.

Composers
Composition for piano and violin. Duration for not more than 15 minutes.
Maximum age 40.
Prize money £600.
Closing date for competition 30 April 1979.
Full details and entry forms from:
The Secretary, International Composers Competition, Lenton, Houndscroft, Stroud, Glos. GL5 5DC.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED